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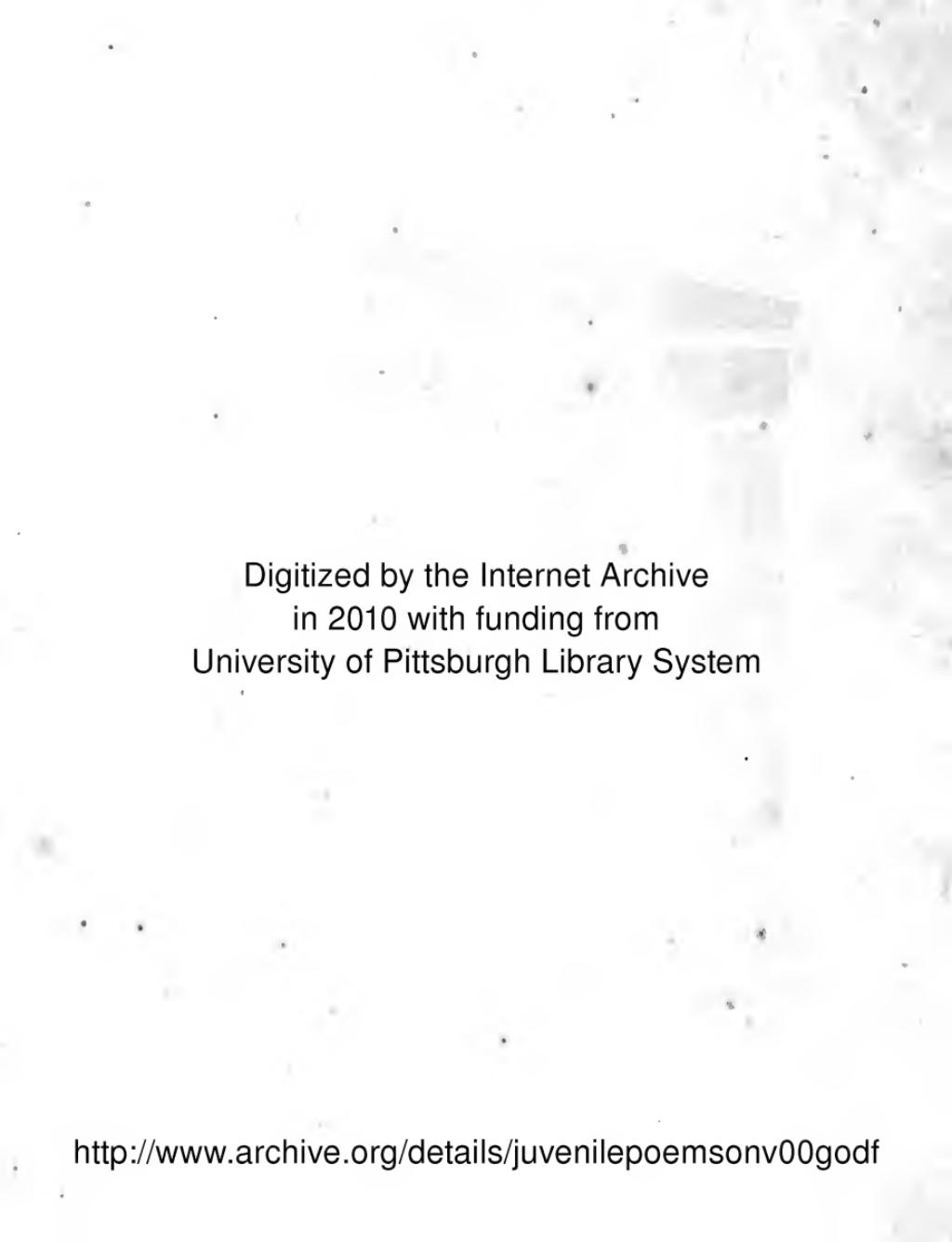
~~120-100~~

Willing, in view of
if Deacon was
the father of this
boy, get his birth
certificate.

Very rare - Philadelphia, 1,

an 8' tall in Culver's Park
on 1st of Oct.

at 10' height.

A very faint, light gray watermark-style illustration of a classical building with four columns and a triangular pediment occupies the upper half of the page.

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JUVENILE POEMS

ON
VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

WITH THE

PRINCE OF PARTHIA,

A

TRAGEDY.

BY THE LATE

M^r: THOMAS GODFREY, Jun^r 1771

of PHILADELPHIA.

To which is prefixed,

Some ACCOUNT of the *AUTHOR* and his *WRITINGS*.

Poeta nascitur non fit.

HOR.

PHILADELPHIA,

Printed by HENRY MILLER, in Second-Street,
M D C C L X V.

Day
PS 961
AI
1765



A. C. Smith. [m]

S. L. Taylor Librarian

18 Nov. 1864.

SOME ACCOUNT
OF THE
AUTHOR and his WRITINGS.

AS it is probable that this Collection of Poems may fall into the hands of some who are unacquainted with what were the circumstances of the Author, it may not be improper to annex a short Account of him; which, perhaps, may not only gratify the curiosity of such, but assist them in forming a judgment of his natural talent for poetry.

Mr. THOMAS GODFREY, the Author of the following Poems, was born in Philadelphia, in the year 1736. His Father, who was of the same name, was a Glazier by trade, and likewise a Citizen of Philadelphia. A person, whose great natural capacity for Mathematics, has occasioned his name to be known in the learned world: being (as has been heretofore shewn by undeniable * evidences) the original and real inventor of the very useful and famous Sea-Quadrant which has been called HADLEY'S.

* The Authors of the American Magazine for July and August 1758, have taken much generous pains to do justice to old Mr. GODFREY's memory, and have published an original letter of his to the Royal Society, which does not appear to have been taken any notice of in their transactions, and also two letters of JAMES LOGAN, Esq; which fully prove that the first invention of this Quadrant was undoubtedly Mr. GODFREY's; and that he had formed

He died when his Son was very young, and left him to the care of his Relations, by whom he was placed to an English school, and there received † “ a common education in his mother tongue ; and without any other advantage than *that*, a natural genius, and an attentive perusal of the works of our English Poets, he soon exhibited to the world the strongest proofs of poetical capacity.”

It is not to be wondered, therefore, that in the early period of life, he should feel such a warm impulse for those elegant arts for which nature had formed him. For, besides having a fine ear for Music, and an eager propensity to Poetry, we are told, that, when very young, he discovered a strong inclination to Painting, and was very desirous of being bred to that profession. “ But those who had

his plan of it as early as the year 1730. “ How he came to be deprived of the honour of this invention (say the writers in the Magazine) may be made a question by some. We answer, that Mr. GODFREY sent the instrument to be tried at sea, by an acquaintance of his, an ingenious navigator, in a voyage to Jamaica, who shewed it to a Captain of a ship (said to be a relation of Mr. HADLEY’S) just going to England ; by which means it came to the knowledge of Mr. HADLEY, tho’ perhaps, without his being told the name of the real inventor. This fact is sufficiently known to sundry seamen and others, yet alive in Philadelphia.”

In short, after publishing the above-mentioned letters, together with Mr. GODFREY’s first draught of his *O>rlant*, or *Quadrant* commonly so called, they conclude thus, “ For our part, we have no hesitation in pronouncing Mr. GODFREY the real and original inventor of this famous and useful instrument.” At the same time they speak with great respect of Mr. HADLEY, acknowledging, “ That tho’ there was sufficient reason to conclude he was not the first inventor of this instrument, yet he had great merit in the improvement of it, and that his fame in the learned world could suffer no diminution from the justice done to Mr. GODFREY, of whose name, perhaps, he had never been told.”

† All the quotations, relative to the Author of these Poems, are taken from the account published in the American Magazine.

“ the

" the charge of him, not having the same honourable idea either of
 " the profession or its utility which he had, crossed him in that desire.
 " After some time he was put to a Watch-maker, an ingenious man,
 " in this city, but still the muses and graces, poetry and painting
 " stole his attention." He devoted therefore all his private hours to
 the cultivation of his parts, and toward the expiration of his time he
 composed those performances that were published, with so much fa-
 vorable notice, in the American Magazine.

At length he quitted the business of watch-making, and got himself recommended to a Lieutenant's commission in the Pennsylvania forces, raised in the year 1758, for the expedition against Fort Du Qu ^{sne}; in which station he continued till the campaign was over, when the Provincial troops were disbanded.

The succeeding spring he had an offer made him of being settled as a factor in North-Carolina, and, being unemployed, he accepted of the proposal, and presently embarked for that place, where he continued upwards of three years. At Carolina it was, that he finished the Dramatic Poem, called, *The Prince of Parthia*, as appears by a letter of his, to a Gentleman in this city; dated, as early as, November 17th, 1759; which was received after the manuscript of it. "By the last vessel from this place," says he, " I sent you the copy of a Tragedy I finished here, and desired your interest in bringing it on the stage; I have not yet heard of the vessel's arrival, and believe if she is safe, it will be too late for the Company now in Philadelphia."— So that he was but about twenty-two years of age when this dramatic piece was completed.

Mr.

Mr. GODFREY, on the death of his employer, left Carolina, and returned to Philadelphia; but finding nothing offer, that was advantageous, at his return here, he determined to make another voyage abroad; and, accordingly, procured some small commissions, and went, as a super-cargo, to the Island of New-Providence, where he was for some months, but met with no great encouragment. From New-Providence, (led, as it were, by some sad fatality) he sailed, once more, to North-Carolina. Where in a few weeks after his arrival, he was unexpectedly summoned to pay the debt of nature, and death put a sudden stop to his earthly wanderings, by hurrying him, off this shadowy state, into a boundless eternity.—

He happened, one very hot day, to take a ride into the Country, and, not being much used to this exercise, and of a corpulent habit of body, it was imagined the heat overcame him; for the night following he was seized with a violent vomiting and malignant fever; which continued seven or eight days, and at 10 o'Clock, A. M. on the third of August, 1763; put a period to his life, in the 27th year of his age.

Thus hastily was snatched off, in the prime of manhood, this very promising genius, beloved, and lamented, by all who knew him. What is here presented to the public, is a collection of those sweet effusions which flowed with a noble wildness from his elevated soul. Free and unpremeditated he sung, unskill'd in any precepts, but what were infused into him by nature, his divine tutoress. The Public must judge, whether, from these youthful emanations he does not appear to have been animated with the genuine poetic flame.—But whatever desert he may be allowed as a Poet, it will be render'd still

more

conspicuous by his character as a man. His sweet amiable disposition, his integrity of heart, his engaging modesty and diffidence of manners, his fervent and disinterested love for his friends, endeared him to all those who shared his acquaintance, and have stamped the image of him, in indelible characters, on the hearts of his more intimate friends.

Mr. GODFREY was first made known to the public by the learned Authors of the American Magazine; who seemed pleased in having an opportunity to acquaint the world with his modest merit, and of doing all the justice in their power, both to our Author, and his Father also, as was observ'd above. " Nature, say they, seems not " to have designed the Father for a greater Mathematician, than she " has the son for a Poet. The former, was, perhaps, one of the most " singular Phænomena that ever appeared in the learned world. For " without the least advantages of education, almost intuitively, and " in a manner entirely his own, he had made himself master of the " abstrusest parts of Mathematics and Astronomy. Just so it is with " the Son." —————

The first of our Author's pieces that was published in the Magazine was, the *Invitation*, with the following note: " This little poem was sent to us by an unknown hand, and seems dated as an original; if it be so, we think it does honour to our city." A little while after, an *Ode on Friendship*, an *Ode on Wine*, and a *Night-Piece* of our Author, made their appearance in the same periodical work. The *Ode on Wine*, say the Authors, " is wrote with much poetic warmth." " These pieces" continue they, " and some others of his, fell into " our hands by accident, soon after the appearance of the *Invitation*, " which was found among the rest; and we reckon it one of the " highest instances of good fortune that has befallen us, during " the

" the period of our Magazine : that we have had an opportunity of making known to the world so much merit, we mean in consideration of his circumstances and means of improvement." These detached pieces made his name known, and gained him a considerable deal of credit ; they were reprinted sometime after in the English Magazines.

In the year 1762 was published *The Court of Fancy*. The Authors of the Magazine, it seems, had seen it before it was finished ; for we find this favourable account of it in their literary compilation. " What will place him high in the lists of *Poets* (when it shall have received his last hand) is a Poem of considerable length called *The Court of Fancy* ; in managing which he shines in all the spirit of true creative Poetry."

The next year after this, made its appearance in the Pennsylvania Gazette, that nervous and noble song of triumph called *Victory*, which was the last of our Author's pieces that was published.

The editor will not presume to anticipate the judgment of the public on those other pieces in this collection, which now make their first appearance in print ; were it, indeed, proper for him, the strong passion which he bore to the person of the Author, and still extends to his memory, has, he acknowledges, precluded him from being a suitable judge of the merit of these Poems.

He would only beg leave, therefore, to remark of the Tragedy of the *Prince of Parthia*—That it is the first essay which our Province, or perhaps this Continent, has, as yet, publicly exhibited of Dramatic Composition—and, that there is possibly some merit even in endeavouring to overcome noble difficulties, though we should happen to aspire after a flight beyond our years.

" In great attempts 'tis glorious e'en to fall."

That

The Author's youth, when this piece was composed, his disadvantages in respect of education, the desultory life he was compelled to lead—and, the arduous nature of the task—all conspire to cast a veil over every fault, and to heighten every grace and beauty, which the judicious reader may perceive in perusing it; and induce him to conclude that, even as it stands, it is no inconsiderable effort towards one of the sublimest species of Poetry, and no mean instance of the Author's strong inherent genius, unaided as he was by the rules of instruction.

After what has been said, should any little inaccuracies appear in this collection, it cannot be doubted, but the generous critic, will favour them with an indulgent eye—Instead of halting at a verbal error, he will be pleased to see natural genius struggling over all obstacles, and soaring, by starts, into the brightest tracts of Poesy. What might we not have expected, from these fair promises of our Author, had he arrived to a season of maturity? More * especially had he been nurtured by the fostering hand of art?—For surely in these first fruits,

* The reader may, perhaps, observe that some of Mr. GODFREY's later performances, are not quite so correct as some of his earlier pieces, publish'd in this collection. The reason is, that before the publication of the latter, he always submitted them to some of his judicious friends, who made several corrections in the diction, grammar and placing the accents; in which last Article having no rule but his own ear, he is sometimes faulty in his posthumous and more unfinished pieces. Some of these blemishes the Editor has endeavoured to amend; some he finds have still escaped his notice, for want of due time, from other necessary engagements, to attend to a more thorough revisal of the sheets; and some others he thought it would be taking too great liberty to meddle with. The Reader will, perhaps, not blame him for this when he finds, by the *Postscript*, that it was occasioned by the fine and ingenious remarks of one of the first pens among us.

The several Pieces in the Magazine, passed to the Public thro' the hands of the Gentleman who has done the Publisher the honour to favour him with his comment on these Poems; and who drew up the Account both of the Father and Son in the Magazine; concluding his Account of the latter with the following generous and moving expression—"We hope," says he, "our readers will not think this Account too particular, when we are endeavouring to do that just ce to the genius of a Son of THOMAS GODFREY, which his own genius never had while it could be of service to him."

which are but as the buddings of his genius, are apparent the seeds of that *victa vis animi*, which has always characterized the *Poet*; and, in this light, it is hoped they will be received by a candid reader, notwithstanding there may be found in them some trivial faults: for as Mr. POPE judiciously sings, —

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its Author writ,
Survey the *Humble*, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves and rapture warms the mind; —

Mr. GODFREY and his Father, we apprehend, may be ranked among the *natural curiosities* of Pennsylvania; for tho' neither of them had much of human learning, yet by the peculiar felicity of their natural endowments, each of them were enabled, tho' in different ways, to raise themselves to honour in the learned world. It would, therefore, be

Young Mr. GODFREY always retained the most grateful sense of favours conferred on him, and particularly of the kind notice taken of his Juvenile Pieces by this Gentleman, as well as the share he took in recommending him to a commission in the Provincial service.

About this time also, the same Gentleman, from the pleasure that attends the introducing rising merit into the world, took an opportunity of making known the name of Mr. WEST; almost literally foretelling, in the following remarkable paragraph, the universal fame which that celebrated Painter has since acquired in *Italy*, and is daily acquiring in *England*, perhaps, beyond any other person of his profession of the present age.

Speaking of a small Poem on a Lady's portrait, the Writer says — " We communicate it with particular pleasure, as the *Lady* who sat, the *Painter* who guided the pencil, and the *Poet* who so well describes the whole, are all *Natives* of this Province. We are glad of an opportunity of making known to the world the name of so extraordinary a genius as Mr. WEST. He was born in Chester County in this Province, and without the assistance of any Master, has acquired such a delicacy and correctness of expression in his paintings, joined to such a laudable thirst of improvement, that we are persuaded, when he shall have more experience and proper opportunities of viewing the works of able masters, he will become truly eminent in his profession." — Thus we find that this Gentleman's conclusions were drawn from an exact and intelligent observance of the vigorous faculties of these natural genius's; and had our Poet lived, to have received equal advantages in his way, no doubt he would have verified all that his aforesaid friend predicted of him.

matter

matter of great concernment should such singular genius's "neglected bloom and neglected die," without any friendly hand to transmit their names to posterity. Nor let any one think that the soul is exer- vated by a love for the polite arts—no;

" The Muse's track, where e'er she roves,

" Glory pursue, and gen'rous shame,

" Th' unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame." GREY.

A late Writer excellently observes, that it is doing some service to human Society, *to amuse innocently*; and they know very little of human nature, who think it can bear to be always employed either in the exercise of its duties, or in high and important meditations.—Those arts, therefore, that instruct as well as entertain *innocently*, surely, in some measure, deserve our attention; and they who excel in them, the notice of the Public. Considered purely in a political sense, the works of genius are, of all others, the cheapest entertainments. Never was there a state, however barbarous and ignorant, that did not glory in her men of ingenuity; and such were never wanting in any state, where proper incitements were offered for study and labour.

Our Author's death happening so soon after he arrived to man's estate, has occasioned but few anecdotes worthy to be remarked, in this short account of him. A relation of the most material, the Publisher has endeavoured, with as much brevity as possible, to present to the view of the reader; neither did the Author's sudden exit from the stage of life, admit of any leisure to think of his Poetry. The manuscript pieces, therefore, were left in their primitive form, and they fortunately falling into the hands of a Gentleman, a friend of the Author, at the place where he died, were kindly transmitted to this City. The present publication was undertaken at the motion, and under the countenance of

some Gentlemen here, of incontestable taste and judgment. The sense the editor has of his own inabilities and inexperience, would have long enough prevented him from venturing on such a task, had he expected any other hand would have offered. But he finds that friendship can excite to difficulties, though the object of its flame is translated into another state of existence; and a desire to please the *Worldy*, prevail, even to the exposing one's self to the sentence of the public. In classing the several pieces, he has studied to place them in such a manner as might yield the best entertainment to the reader, and to suppress those, which, he thought, were not proper for publication — And far be it from him, to repent of the trouble he has had in revising, and transcribing for the Press these posthumous Poems of his friend, when he finds sundry of the first names among us, for virtue, learning and politeness, in his list of subscribers. Happy shall he think himself, if what he has done shall be approved of by those, who have done him the honour to encourage this Work! and thrice happy, if, in this attempt to commemorate his friend, he shall please those, under whose more immediate patronage he would shelter himself, and whose plaudit he prefers as the most valuable reward!

He begs leave to return his thanks to those gentlemen who have been assistant in promoting the subscriptions, and forwarding this undertaking, which, being entered on from the most disinterested views, he was the more readily emboldened to apply to his friends for their aid.

And now it only remains for him to bespeak the candour of the public in behalf of this collection, which, as it is the first of the kind that this Province has produced, and the last legacy of one of her youthful sons, the editor cannot doubt, that it will be received with that good-nature and abatement of rigour, which the Editor's early years alone can justify him in hoping, will be extended to himself.

N. E V A N S.

POSTSCRIPT.

IN a note to the foregoing Account, it was observed that some of Mr. GODFREY's Posthumous Pieces are less finished than his earlier performances; and the reader will not wonder at this when he considers the sudden manner in which it pleased the Supreme Wisdom to call him from this earthly stage. It is probable too, as he left his pieces in various hands, and some of them were frequently transcribed, that several mistakes might have been made this way. The Publisher when he first entered on this undertaking, intended to have corrected every thing of this kind according to his best judgment, and as it might have been presumed the Author would have done, if he had been spared to a longer life. But as it has been observed, the Editor's attention being called off to pursuits of another nature, he was obliged to relax in that design, and in consulting one of Mr. GODFREY's friends, on whose judgment he always had the strongest reliance, it occasioned, in some places, his remitting this intention. The reasons that prevailed on him are contained in the following Letter; and if it proves as satisfactory to the reader, as it was to him, there will be no further apology wanted for the present form in which these Juvenile Pieces, of our much lamented Author, appear.

S I R,

IT is greatly to your credit, that the warm friendship, which subsisted between the late Mr. GODFREY and you, is affectionately extended to his memory, and has induced you to undertake the labour of collecting his Posthumous Pieces to be publish'd in one volume, with those more corrected and finished Performances, which made their appearance in his life-time, after passing thro' the hands of some of his friends, whose judgment he esteemed. You tell me, you have been inform'd, that the Authors of the Monthly Review, in England, have not given a very high character of the "COURT OF FANCY," which we had considered as one of Mr. GODFREY's capital performances; and you ask whether it might not be proper to make such corrections in his posthumous Works, especially the "Prince of Parthia," as the Author himself, if now alive, would thankfully accept from his friends; particularly in regard to his Pointing, and the Accentuation of some of his words and classical names?

As to what is said in the *Review*, it would not displease you, if you had seen it. The judgment given of Mr. Godfrey's *poetical abilities*, by the Authors of that work, who had seen only a few of his performances, does not differ much from that of his warmest and most indulgent friends, who have seen the whole. "Mr. Godfrey" (say the Authors) *possesses a considerable degree of poetical imagination, but little learning, as appears from his improper accentuation of classical names.*" They mention the Pieces in the American Magazine, which first procured him his poetical reputation; and add that "they remember, to have since

" from the Party Friends (mentioning his Friends call'd "VICTORY") on the sides of the Black Adams in America." "He certainly has genius; and we are sorry he had not education to improve it." This is their conclusion, and the substance of what they say; in which Mr. Choler's friends will join with them. But as want of learning was his misfortune, in the first, the noble efforts of his natural genius deserve the greater praise; and this the Reviewers confess by saying, "They wish well to learning in the Colonies, and would not discourage any efforts that way, by the vigour of criticism."

It is kind not to *discourage*, but it is still more kind positively to *encourage*; and it were to be wish'd that the Reviewers had found room to give some examples of our Author's strong *imagination* and *picturesque* genius from the "Court of Fancy." The following might have been chosen among many others. After describing the Temple of *Fancy*, he gives this grand description of the Goddess *Fancy* herself.

" High in the millet, rais'd on her rolling throne,
 " Sublimely eminent, bright *Fancy* thron'd, &c.
 " A radiant bough, emblem of her command,
 " Of polish'd gold, wav'd in her lily hand —
 " In silver traces, fix'd 'mome her car
 " Four snowy Swans, proud of th' imperial Fair,
 " Wing'd lightly on: each, in gay beauty dress'd,
 " Smooth'd the soft plumage that adorn'd her breast;
 " Secri'd to her the lacent chariot drew —
 " Or whither wild'y thro' the air the flew,
 " Or waither to the dreary shades of night;
 " Oppres'd with gloom, she downwards bends her flight, —
 " Or proud aspiring, sought the blest abodes,
 " And boldly shot among th' abolish'd Gods." —

I need not hint to you the propriety of all this Painting "Fancy mounted sublimely on a *rolling* throne" — "snowy Swans" whirling her car, with winged speed; whithersoever she pleases; in which our Author was no doubt animated by those beautiful lines of *Shakespeare*, in the motto to his performance —

" The Poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,

" Doth glance from Heaven to Earth, from Earth to Heaven!"

I have, for brevity, omitted several lines in our Author's description of *Fancy* herself; but the following lines, where he makes the *Muses Graces* and *Loves*, with their true offspring, *Poetry*, *Painting* and *Music*, to be the attendants on *Fancy*, in the characters of the three great ancient masters, *Homer*, *Apelles*, and *Timotheus* — these lines, I say, are conceived with such classical propriety, and express'd with such laconic elegance, that they well deserve notice.

" On her right hand, appear'd the joyful *Nine*,
 " And on her left, the *Graces* all-divine ;
 " Young infant-*Love*, soft, on her breast reclin'd,
 " And with his Mother's glowing beauty shin'd.
 " Her fav'rite Sons were rang'd in order round,
 " In three bright bands, with deathless laurel crown'd ;
 " Great *Homer*, here enjoy'd superior day,
 " Illuminated by bright *Fancy*'s ray ;
 " *Apelles*, there, whose magic hand could give
 " Form to the mafs, and bid the *Fiction* live ;
 " *Timothæus* next, whose animated lyre,
 " Cold Grief could charm, and thoughtless Rage inspire."—

POPE himself would not have thought the best of his writings dishonor'd by such nervous, well-imagin'd and harmonious lines as these. Nor is the humble place, which our Author has given himself, among the attendants of *Fancy*, less to be admir'd for the modesty and delicate beauty of the thought —

" Close at her FEET, a Bard, in raptures lost,
 " Was plac'd, and wildly round his eye-balls tost —
 " Great *Fancy* was his theme ! the soothing strain,
 " In floods of pleasure, thrill'd thro' every vein —

His address to *Fancy* is very beautiful, and also his following apology for intruding into her court —

" With lowly reverence I hither came,
 " Not to deride, but to adore thy name ;
 " To thee I ever dedicate my song,
 " And hail thy glories, 'midst this suppliant throng —

He then represents the Goddess as indulgent to his prayer, in the following rapturous lines —

— “ Here, mortal ! take this lyre,
 “ Strike bold the strings, and sing as I inspire.
 “ Humbly I bow'd, her mild commands obey'd,
 “ And careles o'er the lyre my fingers laid ;
 “ And soon, with wild poetic rage poslef'd,
 “ All my frame shook, and lab'ring heav'd my breast.

His chusing “Zephyr” as the messenger of *Fancy*, and his various descriptions on this head, could arise only from true poetic genius. His Account of the Ægyptian *superstitions*, the Heathen worship, &c. shews great reading in the ancient mythology and

and history, as well as an attentive perusal of the translations of Greek and Roman classics; and what more could be expected from a youth that was only acquainted with the English, and a little of the French tongue?

“ Toward the rosy East, great *Mythra* shone,
 “ Bright in the glories of a rising Sun.
 “ Beneath in solemn pomp, with hands uprear'd
 “ In flowing robes the *Magi* all appear'd — &c.
 “ Northward fierce *Woden* stood, with terrors crown'd,
 “ And angry *Thor* threw heedless thunder round —
 “ Old *Merlin* struck the lyre, the wond'ring throng
 “ Attend around to his prophetic song —
 “ Southward, disorder'd figures struck my eyes,
 “ *Monkies* and *Serpents* rais'd to Deities, — &c.
 “ Maim'd *Memnon* there seem'd on his *sharp* to play,
 “ And hail *Oasis* bringing on the day.
 “ Pale *Iris* cre'cent faintly glimmer'd here,
 “ And barking *Anubis* display'd the Year — &c.”

Our Author's succeeding descriptions of Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Astronomy, Philosophy, &c. are equally pleasing—a few of the lines will shew this.

“ *Astronomy*, with proud aspiring eye,
 “ Gaz'd on the glowing beauties of the sky.
 “ Her vest with glittering stars was spangled o'er,
 “ And in her hand a telescope she bore.
 “ With this she mark'd the rolling plane's way,
 “ Or where portentous comets dreadful stray —
 “ Tho' last not least, *Philosophy* was seen,
 “ Slow was her step, and awful was her mien.
 “ A volume open, in her hand she held,
 “ With Nature's law the ample page was fill'd.
 “ 'Tis her's great Nature's wond'rous Depths t' explore,
 “ Or to the Gods in heavenly rap'ree soar —
 “ Fair Truth she led, in spotless white array'd,
 “ And pleasing Beauty, sweet celestial maid.
 “ Where *Truth* and *Nature* aid the great design,
 “ BEAUTY attends and makes it all divine.” —

[†] Gods of the Northern Nations.

[‡] Alluding to the story of *Memnon*'s statue in the temple of *Serapis*, at *Thebes*, fabuloesly said to send harmonious sounds from its mouth, when first touch'd by the rays of the rising sun.

[§] An Egyptian idol, with a dog's head.—*Latratorum Semicanem Deum*—faith Virg. *A. n. 8.*

From the *Court of Fancy* he makes a sudden transition to the *Court of Delusion*,— where —

— “ Within confin’d
 “ Gay Fictions lurk, and Dreams of every kind —
 “ Drest by her hand, they shine with mimic bloom,
 “ Or, at her word, their *Nothingness* resume.” —

The word “ *Nothingnes*” is peculiarly expressive in this line. Under this head, the airy schemes of Ambition, thirst of Power, Superstition, Jealousy, Avarice, false Honour, false Affectation of Learning, &c. are described—I shall only quote a few lines, out of several pages.

“ Others, more bold, majestic ‘portments take,
 “ And plague, delighted, those who dream awake.
 “ Such are the dreams of those who thirst for power,
 “ The superstitious, and a thousand more.
 “ Others usurp the features of the dead,
 “ And shake the torch around the murd’rer’s bed ;
 “ Affright the vigil, or in wanton mirth,
 “ Make fools seek hidden treasure in the earth,” —

Our *Virtuous* and butter-fly men are well ridicul’d in what follows—

“ The next to her approach’d a reverend dame,
 “ In trophies great, from *Insects* torn, she came.
 “ With stately step she trod the plain along,
 “ And threw her treasure ‘mid th’ admiring throng.
 “ Forward, with joy, each curious mortal sprang,
 “ This caught a gaudy wing, and that a pointed fang.”

The *Moral* of his conclusion is excellent—

“ As thus I onward mov’d with wand’ring pace,
 “ And view’d the varied wonders of the place;
 “ Just Heaven, I cry’d, Oh! give me to restrain,
 “ *Imagination* with a steady rein !
 “ Tho’ oft she leads thro’ *Pleasure*’s flowery ways,
 “ In *Error*’s thorny path she sometimes strays.
 “ Let me my hours with solid *Judgment* spend,
 “ Nor to *Delusion*’s airy dreams attend ;
 “ By *REASON* guided, we shall only know
 “ Those heavenly joys which *FANCY* can bestow.”

Thus you see I have not altered my judgment of this Poem. There is a proper poetical

poetical spirit supported thro' the whole; and but few places where I think it could be amended. Many beautiful passages might be selected from his other Pieces; such as the Character of General Wolfe, Pastoral 3. The *Garden-Description* in the *Assembly of Birds*, &c.—

I come now to the question you ask,—“Whether it might not be proper to make such corrections in Mr. Godfrey's posthumous Pieces, as he himself, if alive, would thankfully accept from his friends?”

In answer to this I would observe, that such corrections and alterations as were made in Mr. Godfrey's Pieces in his life-time, upon hints from his friends, and with the approbation of his own judgment, were thereby rendered his own. Sometimes he would insert such corrections, as they were offered to him; and othertimes substitute something in their stead, better than his own first thoughts, or the amendments propos'd by his friends. It was in this last method, by improving on the criticisms and remarks of every judicious friend, that the writings of Pope and some of our greatest Poets, appeared so elegantly nervous and correct.

No doubt, sundry corrections are wanted in some of Mr. Godfrey's posthumous Pieces, and especially in the Prince of Parthia; I will mention a few. In Pastoral 1st, tho' he has sometimes accented the word “*Alexis*” right, and seems to have known the proper pronunciation of it—yet in the following couplet which occurs thrice, he has occasionally placed the accent wrong—

“ Droop, droop ye groves; ye plains, in silence mourn,
“ Let nought be gay, 'til *Alexis* return—

It might be amended various ways—

Droop, droop ye groves; and all ye plains be dumb,
Let nought be joyful 'till *Alexis* come.—

Or preserving the first rhyme, and leaving out the name *Alexis*, which is not material, being in the coup'et immediately preceding—

Droop, droop ye groves, ye fields, in silence mourn,
Let nought be joyful till the Swain's return.

Or preserving the name—

Alexis gone! be dumb, each grove and plain,
Let nought be joyful, 'till I see my Swain.

So in the same Pastoral, the word “*lay*” is not English, but the couplet may be amended with the smallest alteration—

“ Here by my side, my pipe shall useless *lay*,
“ Unheeded now *Alexis* is away.”—

To be corrected thus :

Here by my side, my pipe shall useless lie,
Unheeded now Alexis is not nigh.

In this couplet, it is to be observed, that Mr. Godfrey places the accent on Alexie right.

In Pastoral 2d, are these lines—

“ Witnes, ye groves, and *eke*, ye powers divine,
“ How oft *sbe's* sworn her faithleſs heart was mine.
“ Now, fir'd by female pride, she scorns the truth,
“ And gives to wealthy *Ageon* her youth.
“ He's rich in num'rous flocks, scarce knows his store,
“ My love is all, nor can I boast of more.”

What is faulty in these lines, proceeds from unnecessary elisions, the obsolete word “eke” and the spelling the classical name wrong; for I do not at present remember any such name as *Ageon*, and if there be such a one, it is here wrong accented. The smallest alteration amends the whole;

Witneſ ſe groves, and all ye powers divine,
How oft ſhe swore her faithleſs heart was mine.
Now, fir'd by female pride, ſhe scorns the truth,
And to the rich *Ægeon* gives her youth.
Of numerouſ flocks the ſwain ſcarce knows his ſtore,
My love is all, nor can I boast of more.

A few lines afterwards he places the accent differently on the same word “ *Ageon*; ” which shews that, in his first hasty draughts, he did not even ſtay ſo far to attend to these leſſer matters, as to make one part conſiſtent with another.

There is the ſame fault in placing the name “ *Amphion*”, a few ſtanſas below, which a small tranſpoſition amends.

As to the *Tragedy*, it is evidently very unfiniſhed, especially in the laſt act; and nothing but that fondneſs which every Author has for a performance when it comes firſt from his pen, wouſd have made him propose it for the ſtage. But as he knew the Company was about to break up, and he might not ſoon have another opportunity of trying his ſucceſs this way, he was willing to offer it; and as the preſent eliſions and unfiniſhed lines, would not have been perceived from the mouth of the Actors, he would have had leifer before the publication to correct every thing which he might have found faulty, in the diſtincion and meaſure. As to the ſentiments, they are generally noble, and worthy of the ſubject; and in reſpect to the plan, it would not be juſt to enquire whether the *Unities* of the *Drama* be all rigidly obſerved by a youth,

who, perhaps, never heard of the rules of *Horace*, or the *Stagyrite*; yet our Author's own peculiar Genius, and ideas of Propriety, have help'd him surprizingly out, in this matter.

The same oversights which I have taken notice of in some of the Pastorals, likewise occur in this Tragedy.

“ What pleasure, *Phraates*, must swell his bosom,
 “ To see the prostrate nation all around him,
 “ And know he's made them happy! to hear them
 “ Tease the Gods to shower their blessings on him?”

For which, might be read as follows —

What joy, *Phraates*, must expand his bosom,
 To see the prostrate nation all around him,
 Made happy by his virtues! and to hear them
 Weary the Gods to show'r their blessings on him?

In the two first of the three following lines, there are bad grammar, and bad accentuation.

“ While shame and rout *disperses* all her sons,
 “ Barzaphernes pursues the fugitives,
 “ The few whom fav'ring night *redeem'd* from slaughter.”

They might be alter'd thus —

While shame and rout disperse her hapless sons;
 Bold Barzaphernes seeks, with vengeful arm,
 The few whom fav'ring night redeem'd from slaughter.

A little lower we have these lines —

“ Arsaces heard,
 “ And thro' the swelling waves he rush'd to save
 “ His drowning brother, and gave him life;
 “ And for the boon the ingrate pays him hate.” —

where the 3d line wants a syllable, and there is a disagreeable jingle in the others.
 They might run thus —

— Arsaces heard,
 And rushing, instant, thro' th' opposing tide
 To save his sinking brother, gave him life,
 Who for the boon ignobly pays him hate.

I could easily send you more examples of corrections that might be made in this and Mr. Godfrey's other Posthumous Pieces, which you put into my hands; but I

am fully persuaded that it will be safer for you, and perhaps more acceptable to many readers, to lay these remains of Mr. Godfrey before the Public, in their genuine original state, than venture on any material alterations, which might not after all be alike agreeable to every body; and perhaps in some cases be for the worse. For instance, in the following line—

“ Still in intricate mazes round I run”—

the accent on the word “intricate” is wrong; and a person desirous to place it right and make the line smooth, would correct it thus—

In mazes intricate still round I run—

But I could not advise such an alteration as this; for it may probably have been the Author’s intention in this line to make the sound an echo to the sense; and if so, the intricacy of the line, and difficulty of the pronunciation, with the two *in*’s joined together, are sufficiently expressive of the subject.

To offer smaller corrections of this kind, might be the work of any hand; but to reach the heights to which our Poet has arrived in many parts of his writings, and of this Tragedy itself, is the lot of but a few.

How strongly is the following curse express’d!

“ O may he never know a father’s fondness,
 “ Or know it to his sorrow! may his hopes
 “ Of joy be cut like mine, and his short life
 “ Be one continued tempest—if he lives,
 “ Let him be curs’d with jealousy and fear—
 “ May tort’ring Hope present the flowing cup,
 “ Then, hasty, snatch it from his eager thirst,
 “ And when he dies, base treachery be the means.”

As a contrast to the *fierce passions* in the preceding lines, may be quoted the following humane sentiments.

“ O ’tis a heavenly virtue, when the heart
 “ Can feel the sorrows of another’s bosom;
 “ It dignifies the man. The stupid wretch
 “ Who knows not this sensation, is an image,
 “ And wants the feeling to make up a life.”

I shall add but one quotation more from this Tragedy—

“ How shall I thank you, ye bright glorious Beings!
 “ Shall I in humble adoration bow,
 “ Or fill the earth with your resounding praise?

" No, this I leave to noisy hypocrites—
 " A mortal's tongue disgraces such a theme.
 " But heaven delights where silent gratitude
 " Mounts each aspiring thought to its bright throne,
 " Nor leaves to language aught: words may indeed
 " From man to man their several wants express,
 " Heaven asks the purer incense of the heart."

Upon the whole, I persuade my self that, the severest critic, looking over smaller matters, will allow these writings of Mr. Godfrey, to be aptly characteriz'd, in the following lines from the Court of Fancy—

" Bold Fancy's hand th' amazing pile uprears,
 " In every part stupendous skill appears;
 " In beautiful disorder, yet compleat,
 " The structure shines irregularly great."

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.



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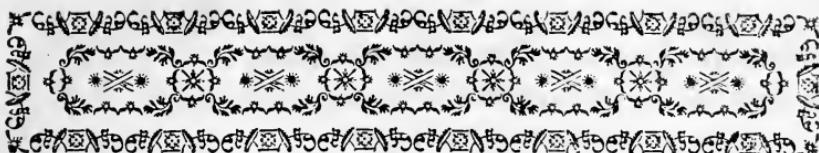
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E R R A T A.

IN the Preface, Page 7, Line 1, for *conficious*, read *conficuous*. In the Poems, p. 19, l. 2, for *lightn'd*, r. *lighten'd*. p. 25, l. 17, for *wonted*, r. *wanted*. p. 26, l. 5, for *sadn'd*, r. *sadned*. p. 36, l. 4, for *Zephyr's*, r. *Zephyrs*. p. 50, l. 10, for *Phæton*, r. *Phæton*. p. 54, l. 11, for *rev'rence*, r. *reverence*. p. 97, l. 10, for *saf'ty*, r. *safety*. p. 101, l. 12, for *Tisaphernes*, r. *Tissaphernes*. p. 119, l. 21, for, *infamey*, r. *infamy*. p. 131, l. 9; for, *set*, r. *fit*. p. 192, l. 3, for *'ll*, r. *Ill*.

Page 19 line 6th for *exspires*, read *expires*.
In the above errata instead of p. 101 line 12 read

p. 101 line 9. Page 98, line 11 for *falcione*
read *falchion*.



E L E G Y,

To the Memory of MR THOMAS GODFREY.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tanchari capit is?*

HOR.

HERE nodding yews the solemn grove imbrown,
Where ivy creeps, and gloomy cypress frown,
While low'ring clouds the face of Phæbe shade,
And fleeting ghosts glide silent o'er the glade,
There let me lie—by lighter ills unmov'd,
And weep the mem'ry of the Youth I lov'd.
Melpomene, whose plaintive harp ne'er knew,
Aught but heart-piercing sounds of saddest woe,
With mournful voice, and ever-melting tongue,
Join in my grief, and aid th' elegiac song:

Death's icy hand has clos'd my Damon's eyes,
His corse entomb'd, in sleep eternal lies.
Cold is that breast which ev'ry virtue fir'd,
(Where music dwelt), and all the Nine inspir'd.

A

Silent,

Silent, no more the tuneful tongue shall charm,
 No more with glow benign the cheek shall warm;
 The death-fixt eye no more with lustre beam,
 No more the placid brow shall smile serene.
 And, ah! that heart the seat of truth before,
 With friendship's sacred fires shall beat no more:
 Black-rob'd oblivion's baleful wing outspread,
 Shrouds his lov'd form, and ev'ry charm is fled.
 His sable reign the tyrant whelms o'er-all,
 Thus the proud perish, thus the virtuous fall!
 As silver streams in easy mazes glide,
 And to the main in tribute roll their tide,
 Or bursting flames in curling volumes rise
 Seeking their place congenial in the skies;
 Thus Man is born, thus haste his fleeting days,
 Transient his glory as the Meteor's blaze.
 Nature's great law stern death impartial sounds,
 Hurls the barb'd dart and undistinguish'd wounds:
 The regal sceptre in the dust he throws,
 Rends the plum'd helmet from the Hero's brows,
 And tears from beauty's cheek the blooming rose; }
 Strikes manly vigor with'ring, in life's prime,
 Bids palsied age its trembling breath resign,
 Tears from the bleeding breast the infant heir,
 In vain the parent-sigh, in vain the melting pray'r:
 The friend belov'd—Oh! burst my beating heart,
 Here the dread tyrant quenches ev'ry dart!



On thee, dear Youth, the blow was soft imprest,
Ages of bliss succeed and golden rest;
'Tis mine alone to drain th' envenom'd bowl,
The shaft sustain that rankles in the soul;
Sighing to recollect each joyous day,
That friendship's Cherub smile made ever gay;
In life's first dawn, with infant passion fir'd,
One path entic'd us, and one wish inspir'd;
By friendship warm'd (tho' strangers to the name);
'Til love of sister-arts encreas'd the flame);
On the soft music of thy lyre I hung,
Charm'd with the early lay so sweetly sung,
I hail'd! with rapture thy ascending fame!
And saw from ripen'd years, a deathless name!
In vain I sigh!—the sun-clad vision's o'er,
Those strains by heav'n inspir'd shall charm no more!

Dear shade, farewell!—it smiling quits its clay
Waves the glad hand, and mounts the dazzling way.
See! glitt'ring bands in angel transport join!
Waft him to endless bliss with songs divine!
Hark! how the sounds seraphic strike the ear!
O virtue! now thy raptures are sincere!

Ye gentle Swains of *Carolina's* shore,
Who knew my Damon, (now, alas! no more),
By moon-light round his hallow'd grave repair,
Strew sweetest flow'rs, and drop a sorrowing tear;



With never-fading laurel shade his tomb,
 And bid the rising bay for ever bloom,
 Teach springing flow'rs their purpl'd heads to rise,
 And sweetly twining, write, *Here Virtue lies.*
 Sing in sad strains each venerable name,
 In Fortune's spite, that struggl'd up to fame ;
 By Virtue led life's rugged road along,
 Their lives instructive as their sweetest song.
 Say, while their praises tremble on the tongue,
Thus liv'd this youthful Bard, thus gentle Damon sung.

What tho', ah! much-low'd Youth 'mong strangers thrown
 Thy relicks sleep, beneath a nameless stone,
 No sculptur'd glories o'er thy ashes plac'd,
 That weeping seem to speak what once thou wast ;
 What, tho' no tuneful Bard thy praises sings,
 And only friendship sounds the jarring strings ;
 Yet, with the good and just, thy name shall live,
 'Tis Virtue's sacred right—this pageant pomp can't give.

J. G R E E N.



E L E G Y,

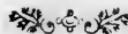
E L E G Y ,

To the Memory of the same.

O Death! thou victor of the human frame!
 The soul's poor fabrick trembles at thy name!
 How long shall man be urg'd to dread thy sway
 For those whom thou untimely tak'ft away?
 Life's blooming spring just opens to our eyes,
 And strikes the senses with a sweet surprize,
 When thy fierce arm uplifts the fatal blow
 That hurls us breathless to the earth below.

Sudden as darts the lightning thro' the sky
 Around the globe thy various weapons fly:
 Here war's red engines heap the field with slain,
 And pallid sickness there extends thy reign;
 Here the soft Virgin weeps her Lover dead,
 There Maiden beauty sinks the graceful head,
 Here Infants grieve their Parents are no more,
 There rev'rent Sires their Childrens deaths deplore.
 Here the sad friend—O! save the sacred name,
 Yields half his soul to thy relentless claim;
 O pardon, pardon the descending tear!
 Friendship commands, and not the Muses here.
 O say, thou much lov'd dear departed shade,
 To what celestial region hast thou stray'd?

Where



Where is that vein of thought, that noble fire
 Which fed thy soul, and bade the world admire?
 That manly strife with fortune to be just,
 That love of praise? an honourable thirst!
 The Soul, alas! has fled to endless day,
 And left its house a mould'ring mass of clay.

There, where no fears invade, nor ills molest,
 Thy soul shall dwell immortal with the blest;
 In that bright realm, where dearest friends no more
 Shall from each other's throbbing breasts be tore,
 Where all those glorious spirits sit enshrin'd,
 The just, the good, the virtuous of mankind.
 There shall fair angels in a radiant ring,
 And the great SON of Heav'n's eternal KING,
 Proclaim thee welcome to the blissful skies,
 And wipe the tears for ever from thy eyes.

How did we hope—alas! the hope how vain!
 To hear thy future more enripen'd strain;
 When fancy's fire with judgement had combin'd
 To guide each effort of th' enraptur'd mind.
 Yet are those youthful glowing lays of thine
 The emanations of a soul divine;
 Who heard thee sing but felt sweet music's dart
 In thrilling transports pierce his captiv'd heart?
 Whether soft melting airs attun'd thy song,
 Or pleas'd to pour the thundring verse along,

❧

Still nobly great, true offspring of the Nine,
Alas! how blasted in thy glorious prime!
So when first opes the eye-lids of the morn,
A radiant purple does the heav'ns adorn,
Fresh smiling glory streaks the skies around,
And gaily silvers each enamel'd mound,
'Til some black storm o'erclouds the aether fair,
And all its beauties vanish into air.

Stranger, who e'er thou art, by fortune's hand
Tost on the baleful *Carolinian* strand,
Oh! if thou seest perchance the *POET*'s grave
The sacred spot with tears of sorrow lave;
Oh! shade it, shade it with ne'er fading bays.
Hallow'd's the place where gentle *GODFREY* lays:
(So may no sudden dart from death's dread bow
Far from the friends thou lov'st e'er lay thee low),
There may the weeping morn its tribute bring,
And angels shield it with their golden wing,
'Til the last trump shall burst the womb of night,
And the purg'd atoms to their Soul unite!

October 1, 1763.

N. E V A N S.



JUVENILE



1877. 1. 1. 1900.

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JUVENILE POEMS,
ON
VARIOUS SUBJECTS.





JUVENILE POEMS, &c.

THE INVITATION. 1758.

DAMON.

HASTE! SYLVIA! haste, my charming Maid!
Let's leave these fashionable toys;
Let's seek the shelter of some shade,
And revel in ne'er fading joys.
See spring in liv'ry gay appears,
And winter's chilly blasts are fled;
Each grove its leafy honours rears,
And meads their lovely verdure spread!

SYL VIA.

Yes Damon, glad I'll quit the town,
Its gaieties now languid seem;
Then sweets to luxury unknown
We'll taste, and sip th' untainted stream.
In Summer's sultry noon-tide heat,
I'll lead thee to the shady grove;
There hush thy cares, or pleas'd repeat
Those vows that won my soul to love.

D A M O N.

When o'er the mountain peeps the dawn,
 And round her ruddy beauties play,
 I'll wake my Love to view the lawn,
 Or hear the warblers hail the day.
 But, without thee, the rising morn
 In vain awakes the cooling breeze,
 In vain does nature's face adorn;
 Without my SYLVIA nought can please.

S Y L V I A.

At night, when universal gloom
 Hides the bright prospect from our view,
 When the gay groves give up their bloom,
 And verdant meads their lovely hue;
 Tho' fleeting spectres round me move,
 When in thy circling arms I'm prest,
 I'll hush my rising fears with love,
 And sink in slumber on thy breast.

D A M O N.

The new-blown rose, whilst on its leaves
 Yet the bright scented dew-drops found,
 Pleas'd on thy bosom, whilst it heaves,
 Shall shake its heav'nly fragrance round.
 Then mingled sweets the sense shall raise,
 Then mingled beauties catch the eye;
 What pleasure on such charms to gaze!
 What rapture mid such sweets to lie!

S Y L V I A.

How sweet thy words!—but, DAMON cease,
 Nor strive to fix me ever here;
 Too well you know these accents please,
 That oft have fill'd my ravish'd ear.
 Come, lead me to these promis'd joys,
 That dwelt so lately on thy tongue;
 Direct me by thy well known voice,
 And calm my transports with thy song!

V E R S E S

Occasioned by a Yeung Lady's asking the Author,
What was a Cure for Love? 1758.

FROM me, my Dear, O seek not to receive
 What e'en deep-read Experience cannot give.
 We may, indeed, from the Physician's skill
 Some Med'cine find to cure the body's ill.
 But who e'er found the physic for the soul,
 Or made th' affections bend to his controul?
 When thro' the blaze of passion objects show
 How dark's the shade! how bright the colours glow!
 All the rous'd soul with transport's overcome,
 And the mind's surly Monitor is dumb.

In vain the sages turn their volumes o'er,
 And on the musty page incessant pore,

Still mighty Love triumphant rules the heart,
Baffles their labour, and eludes their art.

Say what is science, what is reason's force
To stop the passions wild ungovern'd course?
Reason, 'tis true, may point the rocky shore,
And shew the danger, but can serve no more,
From wave to wave the wretched wreck is tost,
And reason's in th' impetuous torrent lost.

In vain we strive, when urg'd by cold neglect,
By various means our freedom to effect,
Tho' like the bee from sweet to sweet we rove,
And search for ease in the vast round of Love,
Tho' in each Nymph we meet a kind return,
Still in the firstfond hopeless flame we burn,
That dear idea still our thoughts employs,
And blest variety itself e'en cloys.
So exiles banish'd from their native home
Are met with pity wherefoe'er they come,
Yet still their native soil employs their care,
And death were ease to lay their ashes there.

O D E
ON FRIENDSHIP. 1758.

I.

FRiENDSHIP, all hail! thou dearest tie,
We Mortals here below can claim,
To blend our else unhappy lives with joy;

My breast inspire
With thy true genuine fire,
While to thy sacred name,
I strike the golden lyre.

Cloath'd in pure empyrean light,
For vulgar eyes thou shin'st too bright;
For while they gaze,
Thy dazzling rays

Dim their too feeble sight;
But souls uncloy'd with sensual toys,
Souls who seek true mental joys,
May Phœnix-like sublimely soar,
May all thy heav'ly charms explore,
And wanton in the glorious blaze.

II.

O G—*! if now no charming maid
Waits thy pencil's pow'rful aid,
That when her charms shall fade away,
And her pleasing form decay;

That

That when her eyes no more shall roll,

Or heaving sighs betray her soul;

Still by thy art.

The stubborn heart

To melt, and into love betray—

Attend! I sing that pow'r divine,

Whose heav'nly influence sways such souls as thine—

Souls, by virtue made the same,

FRIENDSHIP's pow'rful ties may claim:

And happy they,

Without alloy,

Blest in the gen'rous flame,

III.

Thus in his tent immur'd

THETIS angry son,

Forgot the laurels he had won;

And whilst love's flames his bosom burn'd,

His beauteous captive lost he mourn'd;

And Ilium in his grief stood well secur'd:

All Grecia's chiefs dismaid,

Around him wait,

And vainly supplicate his aid.

Old Nestor's eloquence was vain,

Ulysses cunning could not gain

The chief to draw his sword.

In angry state,

He sullen fate,

Nor deign'd to give a word.

But

IV.

But when PATROCLUS' much-lov'd shade,
 Pale, with blood and dust array'd,
 Appear'd unto his view ;
 FRIENDSHIP fir'd his godlike breast,
 Conquer'd love the pow'r confess,
 And in a sigh withdrew.

Thus, the Ghost—

“ Attend, attend my call !
 “ Let not the vaunting *Trojans* boast ;
 “ But oh ! revenge my fall.”
 With rage the Hero's bosom glows,
 His blood in swifter current flows ;
 See, how his eye-balls roll !
 And speak the anguish of his soul :
 Revenge, revenge PATROCLUS cry'd :
 Quick at the word,
 He seiz'd his sword,
 And clasp'd his seven-fold shield ;
 Revenge, revenge, *Pelides* loud reply'd,
 And rush'd into the field.

V.

Wild as the wind he went.
 Thro' the astonish'd foe ;
 While death his sad concomitant,
 Attends each fatal blow.

With heaps of slain
 He strews the plain ;

C

As

As when rough Boreas loudly blows,
 Huge oaks and lofty pines around he throws.
 Cowards revive when he appears,
 And banish from their breasts their fears,
 Nor death can more affright ;
 His presence ev'ry bosom warms,
 They clank with horrid din their arms ;
 And with new courage fraught renew the fight,
 Now shouts around,
 And dying cries,
 A horrid sound !
 Assail the skies,
 And now the fainting *Trojans* yield
 The long disputed honours of the field.

VI.

Round the field *Achilles* flies,
 For *Hector* he cries,
 At length the *Trojan* chief espies,
 Horribly glorious midst the war ;
 Upon his bloody shield the God of day,
 Darts pendant rays ;
 The crimson mirror far
 Reflects the blaze ;
 And all around him glories play.
 PATROCLUS' mantle loosely flung,
 The pledge of brave *Achilles'* love,
 And by the fair *Aegina* wove ;
 Upon his manly shoulder hung.

VII.

The fatal spoil *Achilles* spies,
 And indignation lightn'd in his eyes,
 For friendship this, for friendship this, he said,
 And in his bosom drove the shining blade.
 Down the mighty *Dardan* fell,

And in a groan expires;
 Ill-fated *Ilium* gave a yell,
 And dreads her future fires;

In vain all-beauteous Venus strove

To ward the threatening blow;

In vain she mov'd,
 In vain she lov'd
 Those raging fires,
 And wild desires,

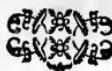
To Friendship's purer flame must bow.

Tho' Love the sensual appetite,

Tumultuous raise a while,

Friendship yields a calm delight,

And will for ever smile.



* EPISTLE

To a Friend ; from Fort HENRY.

Dated August 10, 1758.

FROM where his lofty head TALHEO rears,
 And o'er the wild in majesty appears,
 What shall I write that *—* won't disdain,
 Or worth, from Thee one moment's space to gain ?
 The Muse, in vain, I court the lovely maid,
 Views with contempt the rude unpolish'd shade,
 Nor only this, she flies fierce war's alarms,
 And seeks where peace invites with softer charms;
 Where the gay landscapes strike the travellers eyes,
 And woods and lawns in beauteous order rise ;
 Where the glad Swain sings on th' enamel'd green,
 And views unaw'd by fears the pleasing scene.
 Here no enchanting prospects yield delight,
 But darksome forests intercept the sight ;
 Here fill'd with dread the trembling peasants go,
 And start with terror at each nodding bough,
 Nor as they trace the gloomy way along
 Dare ask the influence of a clearing song.

* Wrote, when the Author was, a Lieutenant in the Pennsylvania Forces, and garrisoned at Fort HENRY. This little piece is the more valuable, as it contains a striking picture, and perhaps the only one; of this kind, that will be preserved, of the deep distress that overwhelmed our Frontier Settlements, when every field was stained with the blood of its Owners, by the merciless hands of unfeeling Savages.

If in this wild a pleasing spot we meet,
In happier times some humble swain's retreat;
Where once with joy he saw the grateful soil
Yield a luxuriant harvest to his toil,
(Blest with content, enjoy'd his solitude,
And knew his pleasures, tho' of manners rude);
The lonely prospect strikes a secret dread,
While round the ravag'd Cott we silent tread,
Whose Owner fell beneath the savage hand,
Or roves a captive on some hostile land,
While the rich fields, with Ceres' blessings stor'd,
Grieve for their slaughter'd, or their absent lord.

Yet, would I now attempt, some sprightly strain,
And strive to wake your breast to mirth again,
Yet, would I call you from your Delia's urn,
But *Britain's* Genius bids her sons to mourn;
She shews the fatal field, all drench'd in gore,
And in sad accents cries, my *Howe's* no more!
Then let again the briny torrents flow,
Oh! teach your breast a nobler kind of woe!
To mourn *her* faded beauties now forbear,
And give the gallant Chief a *British* tear.



JUVENILE POEMS;
PASTORALS.

I.

To the same.

BEFORE the rosy morn had broke the east,
Before the early lark had left her nest,
While yet the dewy damps of night hung round,
And all mankind were wrapt in sleep profound,
Two swains whom sacred Friendship and soft Love
Kept wakeful, 'rose, and sought the silent grove ;
His distant Friend, caus'd youthful *Hylas'* care,
And am'rous *Damon* mourn'd his absent Fair.

— attend ! e'er friendly to the Muse,
Accept this trifle, and the faults excuse ;
By genius fir'd, thy gen'rous breast may claim
The sweets of Love, or Friendship's envied name.

Thus, as fair *Hylas* sung, the dales around,
Sad *Echo* play'd, and gave him back the sound,
Ye spotless streams, that plaintive glide along,
Be hush'd a while, and listen to my song ;
Ye winged choirs that chanting on each tree,
Enliven ev'ry grove with melody.
Alexis' gone !—cease, cease to swell your throats,
Harsh are you warblings as the raven's notes.

Droop, droop ye groves, ye plains in silence mourn,
Let nought be gay 'til *Alexis* return.

Here

Here by my side my pipe shall useless lay,
Unheeded now, *Alexis* is away.
In mourning here I will my time employ,
Nought shall be seen that wears the face of joy.
Alexis' absence here I will complain,
While the rude north-wind whistles to my strain.
'Til he returns no more let spring appear,
But hoary winter shiver thro' the year.
Let music cease, let flow'rs no longer blow,
And murmur'ring streams congeal'd, forget to flow.

Droop, droop ye groves, ye plains in silence mourn,
Let nought be gay 'till *Alexis* return.
How oft together Schuylkil's verdant side
We've traed, or wanton'd in its cooling tide,
Or soft reclin'd, where spreading shades were wove,
With joyful accents fill'd the sounding grove.
Then all was gay, then sprightly mirth was found,
And nature bloom'd in vernal beauties round.
Blow, blow ye winds, in softest breezes send
My kindest wishes to my absent Friend.
But ah ! perhaps he heeds not, some sweet maid
By artful wiles his youthful heart's betray'd,
Friendship perhaps is exil'd from his breast,
By wanton love alone it is possest.
But, O ye maids, beware, none true can love,
Who e'er in holy Friendship faithless prove.

Droop, droop ye groves, ye plains in silence mourn,
Let nought be gay 'till *Alexis* return,

But

But see, he comes, *Alexis* comes, found, found
 The joyful news, let all the groves rebound.
 Let sorrow cease, let joy for ever reign,
 Be nought but gladness seen throughout the plain;
 He comes, *Alexis* comes, let all be gay,
 And join with me to hail this happy day.

Cease now ye groves to droop, ye plains to mourn,
 Let all be gay, *Alexis* doth return.

Then lovesick *Damon* thus, while all the grove
 Resounds with *Delia's* name, and *Damon's* love.

How bright the view! how fragrant was the flow'r!
 When beauty smil'd, and *Delia* blest the hour!
 Her presence then made ev'ry season gay,
 And cold December bloom'd like vernal May.
 Then rapture fill'd my fond exulting breast,
 And each intruding care was hush'd to rest.
 But now, alas! methinks the shifted scene
 But only serves to shew how blest I've been.
 By her deserted, birds forget to sing,
 And winter's dreary views deform the spring.
 All nature weeps, the lilly hangs its head,
 The roses fade, and mourning droops the mead.

Hie here, ye Nymphs, hie here, ye lovesick Swains,
 Join in my woe, and aid my plaintive strains.

When on the plain I've tun'd my oaken reed,
While all around my bleating flock would feed.
In dumb attention seal'd, the listning throng,
Hung on the sound, and caught the pleasing song;
Then loud applause my envied name would raise,
And distant mountains *Echo* with my praise;
Then to the numbers *Delia's* voice was join'd,
And round my head the laurel wreath she twin'd.
But now in vain I strive for skill, I've none,
My soul's untun'd, and flowing notes are gone.

Hie here, ye Nymphs, hie here, ye lovesick Swains,
Join in my woe, and aid my plaintive strains.

Fly swift, ye hours, till she return again,
How slow they creep! ah! *Damon* 'tis in vain!
Time heeds thee not, nor will he faster move,
Nor wing'd by fear, nor yet by swifter love.
Slowly he brings us to the wonted joy,
But then how swift the envied minutes fly!
All gracious heav'n, in pity lend the pow'r
To rule our passions, or to guide the hour.

Hie here, ye Nymphs, hie here, ye lovesick Swains,
Join in my woe, and aid my plaintive strains.

II.

To Dr. J——K——SL——v, jun.

THE young *Alexis* drove his bleating Flock
 To the sea's side, where feated on a rock,
 That over-look'd the wave, in pensive mood
 He threw his eyes along the azure flood;
 His sadn'd brow well anxious care express'd,
 And oft the sigh would heave his youthful breast,
 His flock neglected rang'd around him wide,
 And useles now his pipe hung by his side.

Calm was the sea, the sky appear'd serene,
 No angry storms deform'd the pleasing scene;
 Hush'd in their caves the ruder winds were laid,
 And only gentle western breezes play'd,
 Gay beauty round seem'd blooming ev'ry where,
 And the bright scene half rob'd him of his care.
 When a gay bark with spreading sails display'd,
 Appear'd to view, in garlands rich array'd.
 Swift o'er the waves with eagle's speed she glides,
 And sportive dolphins wanton'd by her sides,
 Aloft in air the silken streamers flew,
 While the shrill music cheer'd the jovial crew.

Oh! thou, from whose blest skill our bodies find
 Sweet ease, behold the sickness of the mind:

See, with what force, love sways the youthful heart,
Love, which still triumphs o'er thy heav'nly art.

Alexis thus—the seaman's life how blest!
No anxious thoughts disturb his peaceful breast.
Free as the wind from shore to shore he roves,
Tastes ev'ry sweet, and ev'ry bliss improves.
He wears no haughty beauty's servile chain;
Nor heeds a Delia's frown or cold disdain;
Why was I form'd with such an abject mind,
Slave to a Fair the proudest of her kind?

Then sudden all the heav'ns appear'd o'er-spread,
And the loud thunder shook the Ocean's bed,
While streaming lightning dreadful fir'd the sky,
And the rough billows toss their heads on high:
Now to the heav'ns the giddy bark is rear'd,
And as fam'd Argo's rival there appear'd;
And then as sudden from th' amazing height
Sunk midst the watry vales, and shun'd the sight;
While from her shatter'd masts the rude winds bear
Sails, cords and streamers, wildly thro' the air.

The Shepherd thus, ah! faithless cruel sea,
Thus *Delia* smil'd, and thus she did betray.
Caught by the pleasing views, I left the shore,
And gave my peace to seas untry'd before;
But soon, too soon the pleasing prospects fled,
And swelling waves and tempests did succeed.

Witness, ye groves, and eke, ye pow'rs divine,
 How oft she's sworn her faithless heart was mine.
 Now, fir'd by female pride, she scorns the truth,
 And gives to wealthy *Ageon* her youth.
 He's rich in num'rous flocks, scarce knows his store,
 My love is all, nor can I boast of more.

How oft I've led her thro' the shady grove,
 While both our souls seem'd join'd in mutual love!
 Ah! then the Sirens softness grac'd her tongue,
 While quiv'ring on the pleasing sounds I hung,
 Such were the sounds which 'woke the flumb'ring shade,
 Such were the sounds which rais'd her from the dead!
 Such were the sounds of *Amphion*'s charming lyre,
 And such the music of the heav'nly quire!

How oft when seated by the chrystral flood,
 Pleas'd would we captivate the finny brood!
 There in the floating mirror would I trace
 Each striking beauty of her angel face,
 Her cheek embellish'd with the rosy die,
 Her ruby lip, and heav'nly sparkling eye,
 'Til some rude wind would o'er the surface pass,
 And envious snatch the beauteous mimic face.
 How great the change!— and then he starting spy'd
 Her body floating on the boist'rous tide.
 And by the charmer's side the wild waves bore,
 Still link'd in death, *Ageon* to the shore.

But,

But, oh! how fill'd with terror at the sight!
His eyes were veil'd in endless shades of night.
Cold was her breast, quick fleeting life had fled;
And on her faded cheeks the rose lay dead.
Fix'd like a figur'd stone awhile he stood,
And gave the tear with anguish to the flood;
Then frantic clasp'd her midst the briny lave,
And dash'd with anger each intruding wave:
He eager prest her lips, now pale and wet,
But for his warmth a deadly coldness met;
Tho' once with ruby lustre bright they shone,
Their glow was lost, and all their sweetness gone.
Now welcome death, the lovesick Shepherd cry'd,
And fainting on her clay-cold bosom dy'd.

III.

To the Memory of GENERAL WOLFE,
who was slain at the taking of QUEBEC.

SET was the Sun, and from her silver throne
With fainter lustre pallid Cynthia shone,
O'er the wide world, and round th' ethereal plain
Old dusky Night had spread her gloomy reign;
When *Lyfidas* was by *Dæmætas* found
In a dark grove, stretch'd on the dewy ground,
In silence first his wonder he express'd,
And thus, at length, the mournful Swain address'd.

DAMÆTAS.

Why rests, my *Lysidas*, beneath this shade?
 See all around night's fable curtain's spread:
 Haste, haste away pale ghosts are seen around,
 And troops of elves in ev'ry glade abound;
 For prey the hungry woodland tyrant roves,
 And horror shadows all the deepning groves.
 As thro' the glade I halloo'd to thine ear,
 Fierce wolves reply'd, and fill'd my soul with fear.

LYSIDAS.

Ah! leave me, leave me to this deep recess,
 Fit is this gloom for sorrows and distress.

DAMÆTAS.

Thy flocks are safe, I saw them to the fold,
 'Ere parting day had ting'd the west with gold,
 Thy *Cbloris* too I met, as o'er the plain
 She sought the cottage of her much-lov'd Swain.
 What sorrows say can now usurp that breast
 Where love and gayety were wont to rest?
 Oh! speak, and let thy lov'd *Damætas* know,
 Who oft thy joy partakes should share thy woe.

LYSIDAS.

How kindly urg'd! then gentle Shepherd hear,
 Nor stop the sigh, nor hold the gushing tear;
 And yet, as I attempt the sadning tale,
 My stronger sorrows o'er my pow'r's prevail;
 Such too will be thy sorrows when I've said,
 The first of Shepherds, brave *Amintor's* dead.

DAMÆTAS.

DAMÆTAS.

Aninton dead! — then seated on the ground
 Here by thy side, let spectres gleam around ;
 Let wayward elves here dance their magic ring,
 And night around us double horrors bring.
 Here will I sit until her sable noon,
 And aid the wolves to bay the wandring moon ;
 Tho' sickning dews and damps around my head
 With falling stars, their baleful influence shed.

LYSIDAS.

Oh ! Shepherd oft I've heard thy pleasing strain,
 Like *Philomel* in gentle woe complain.
 Our flocks attentive to thy wond'rous reed,
 Left the clear stream, and quite forgot to feed.
 Come then, once more with musick fill the glade,
 And waken airy *Echo* in her shade.
 Such as when, at *Menalcas* death your song,
 Fix'd in attention all the listning throng.

DAMÆTAS.

'Twas thy superior skill from *Codrus'* bore
 The prize, two lambkins from his fleecy store,
 Nor is *Alexis'* strain so sweet as thine,
 Altho' the boasted fav'rite of the Nine.
 'Tis true my pipe has oft-times on the plain
 Pleas'd the gay Nymph and cheer'd the active Swain.
 But since *Menalcas'* death here by my side,
 My reed, his gift, has still remain'd untry'd.

LYSIDAS.

LYSIDAS.

Then let us here, 'till early morn's return,
 Join both our skills, and teach the night to mourn;
 I'll stretch my utmost art to aid thy lays,
 And happy me could I obtain thy praise.

DAMÆTAS.

Ah! now I know, why threatening flam'd on high,
 Bright blazing comets dreadful in the sky.
 Our Sages shook their heads, and fear'd to tell
 The future evil, which they knew full well.
 Two moons are wasted since beneath this shade }
 As to our Shepherds on my reed I play'd,
 With weary steps old *Arcos* hither stray'd. }
 Thus spoke the Sire, here sorrow soon shall reign,
 No longer joy shall dwell upon the plain,
 Corroding care shall banish peaceful rest,
 And pain and anguish seize on ev'ry breast.
 I laugh'd in gayety to hear the Sire
 Speak what I thought his dotage did inspire.
 But now I know what caus'd his mighty dread,
 The first of Shepherds, brave *Amintor*'s dead.

LYSIDAS.

When ruffian Robbers, e'er in rapine bold,
 Veil'd in the shade of night wou'd break our fold,
Amintor first was ever to pursue,
 And ne'er in vain his threatening arrows flew.

Oft

Oft in their gore the midnight plunderers lay,
 Oppress'd with spoil, and sigh'd their souls away;
 But now far hence is smiling safety fled,
 Since brave *Amintor*, first of Swains, is dead.

D A M Æ T A S.

E'er fond of danger, eager in the chace,
 With fearless mind he fought the savage race;
 Foremost to dare, he still with gallant pride
 First climb the cliff, or rush'd into the tide;
 'Til smear'd in glorious horror with the gore,
 Of the fierce Tiger or the foaming Boar,
 At eve returning from the dang'rous toil
 He o'er his shoulders spread the shagged spoil.
 Our Shepherds met him with a loud acclaim,
 And ev'ry Coward's cheek was mark'd with shame.
 But now unaw'd the Savage Tyrants tread
 The silent grove, for brave *Amintor*'s dead.

L Y S I D A S.

The sorrowing Mother met the mournful bier,
 Loose on her neck flow'd her dishevel'd hair;
 Around her all her weeping Daughters stood,
 And wash'd his wounds with tears, a briny flood.
 Oft times she sigh'd, and beat her aged breast,
 And loud complaints her inward woe exprest.
 Thus spake the Dame, ye tuneful Shepherds come,
 And hang your deathless ditties round his tomb;

Here all around your flow'ry garlands throw,
 And on his grave let short-liv'd roses blow.
 Haste here, ye Swains, here let your tears be shed,
 Weep Shepherds, weep, the brave *Amintor's* dead.
 So sung the Swains, 'til Phœbus' radiant light,
 Chac'd to her azure bed the Queen of Night.

* A DITHYRAMBIC
 O N WINE.

I.

COME! let Mirth our hours employ,
 The jolly God inspires;
 The rosy juice our bosom fires,
 And tunes our souls to joy.
 See, great *Bacchus* now descending,
 Gay, with blushing honours crown'd;
 Sprightly *Mirth* and *Love* attending,
 Around him wait,
 In smiling state—
 Let *Ecko* resound,
 Let *Ecko* resound
 The joyful news all around.

* The DITHYRAMBIC demands a greater boldness than any other poetical composition, and is indeed the only one in which a lyric irregularity may be happily indulged.

Francis's Horace.

As our Poet appears so warm on his subject, it may not be amiss to remark here, that he never drank any Wine, and that his bumpers are all *ideal*, which may serve, perhaps, as a refutation of that noted adage, that a water drinker can never be a good Dithyrambic Poet.

Fond

II.

Fond Mortals come, if love perplex,
 In *Wine* relief you'll find ;
 Who'd whine for womens giddy sex
 More fickle than the wind ?
 If beauty's bloom thy fancy warms,
 Here, see her shine,
 Cloath'd in superior charms ;
 More lovely than the blushing morn,
 When first the op'ning day
 Bedecks the thorn,
 And makes the meadows gay.
 Here see her in her crystal shrine ;
 See and adore ; confess her all divine,
 The Queen of Love and Joy.
 Heed not thy Chloe's scorn—

This sparkling glass,
 With winning grace,
 Shall ever meet thy fond embrace,
 And never, never, never cloy,
 No never, never cloy.

III.

Here, POET ! see, *Castalia's* spring—
 Come, give me a bumper, I'll mount to the skies,
 Another, another—'Tis done ! I arise ;
 On fancy's wing,
 I mount, I sing,
 And now, sublime,

Parnassus' lofty top I climb——
 But hark! what sounds are these I hear,
 Soft as the dream of her in love,
 Or *Zephyr's* whisp'ring thro' the Grove?
 And now, more solemn far than fun'r al woe,
 The heavy numbers flow!

And now again,
 The varied strain,

Grown louder and bolder, strikes quick on the ear,
 And thrills thro' ev'ry vein.

IV.

'Tis *Pindar's* song!
 His softer notes the fanning gales
 Waft across the spicy vales,
 While, thro' the air,
 Loud whirlwinds bear
 The harsher notes along.

Inspir'd by *Wine*,
 He leaves the lazy croud below,
 Who never dar'd to peep abroad,
 And, mounting to his native sky,
 For ever there shall shine.

No more I'll plod
 The beaten road;
 Like him inspir'd, like him I'll mount on high;
 Like his my strain shall flow.

V.

Haste, ye Mortals! leave your sorrow;
Let pleasure crown to day——to morrow

Yield to fate.

Join the universal chorus,

Bacchus reigns;

Ever great;

Bacchus reigns

Ever glorious——

Hark! the joyful groves rebound,

Sporting breezes catch the sound,

And tell to hill and dale around——

“*Bacchus* reigns”——

While far away,

The busy *Echoes* die away.——

THE WISH.

I ONLY ask a mod'rate fate,
And tho' not in obscurity,
I would not yet be plac'd too high;
Between the two extremes I'd be,
Not meanly low, nor yet too great,
From both contempt and envy free.

With

If no glitt'ring wealth I have,
Content of bounteous heav'n I crave,
For that is more,
Than all the India's shining store,
To be unto the dust a slave.
With heart, my little I will use,
Nor let pain my life devour,
Or for a griping heir refuse
Myself one pleasant hour.

No stately Edifice to rear,
My Wish would bound a small retreat,
In temp'rate air, and furnish'd neat ;
No ornaments would I prepare,
No costly labours of the loom,
Should e'er adorn my humble room ;
To gild my roof, I nought require
But the stern Winter's friendly fire.

Free from tumultuous cares and noise,
If gracious heav'n my Wish would give,
While sweet content augments my joys,
Thus, my remaining hours I'd live.
By arts ignoble never rise,
The Miser's ill-got wealth despise ;
But blest my leisure hours I'd spend,
The Muse enjoying, and my Friend,

A NIGHT-PIECE.

HOW awful is the Night! beneath whose shade,
Calm mournful silence e'er serenely reigns;
And musing Meditation, heav'nly Maid!
Unbends the mind, and sooths the heart-felt pains!

II.

What pleasing terrors strike upon the soul
While hills and vales around dusk swims away;
While murmuring streams in plaintive numbers roll,
And with their soft complainings close the day!

III.

While silver Cynthia, with her pallid beams,
Does clouded nature faintly re-illumne,
Tips tops of trees, and dancing on the streams,
Adds livelier horror to the rising gloom!

IV.

What hand can picture forth the solemn scene,
The deepning shade and the faint glimm'ring light?
How much above th' expressive art of * G—n
Are the dim beauties of the dewy night!

V.

How much this hour does noisy day excel
To those who heav'nly contemplation love!—
Now nought is hear'd but pensive *Philomel*
The wat'ry fall, or *Zephyr* in the grove.

* MR. JOHN GREEN, an ingenious Portrait Painter, a particular friend of MR. GODFREY'S, and Author of the Elegy, that precedes these POEMS, on Mr. G's death.

VI.

Now searching thought unlimited may rove,
 And into nature's deep recesses pry ;
 Spread her fleet wings to mount the realms above,
 And gain the glowing glories of the sky.

VII.

Rich in expression, how sublimely bright,
 Those lucent arguments above us shine !
 Now, Atheist ! now lift up thy wondring sight,
 And own the great creating pow'r divine.

VIII.

Heav'ns ! what a throng, what a dread endless train,
 Of complicated wonders yield surprize !
 Systems on systems, systems yet again,
 And suns on suns, continually arise !

IX.

Too daring thought ! give o'er thy vain emprise,
 Nor rashly pry—at humble distance gaze !
 Should heav'n unveil those beauties to our eyes
 The dazzled sense would sink beneath the blaze.

X.

But leave the glories of heav'n's spangl'd dome,
 And thy flow-sleps to dreary church-yards lead ;
 There lean attentive on yon marble tomb,
 And learn instruction from the silent dead.

XI.

How dismal is this place ! whilst round I gaze,
 What chilling fears my thoughtful soul invade ?
 Exaggerating Fancy shrubs doth raise,
 To dreadful spectres gliding cross the shade.

XII.

Pale sleep ! thou emblem of eternal rest,
 When lock'd in thy coercive strong embrace,
 Those of all-bounteous Nature's gifts possest,
 Are but as those whose gloomy haunts I trace.

XIII.

No objects now wide-straining eyes admit ;
 Deaf is the ear, mute the persuasive tongue,
 Discerning judgment; and keen piercing wit
 Are lost in thee, aud' warriors nerves unstrung !

XIV.

Still led by thee imagination roves,
 On tow'ring pinion seeks some distant world ;
 Or wanders pleas'd thro' soft enamel'd groves,
 Or down the dreadful precipice is hurl'd.

XV.

While sad reclining on this silent tomb,
 Surrounded with promiscuous dead I rest ;
 Thee, I invoke ! sweet friendly sleep, O come !
 Lock up my sense, and lull my troubl'd breast !





THE COURT OF FANCY; A POEM.

*The Poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heav'n;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the Poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.*

SHAKESPEAR.

The learned reader need not be acquainted that the Author took the
hint of the Transition from the Court of Fancy to that of Delusion,
from Chaucer's Poem called the House of Fame, where the change
is from the House of Fame to that of Rumour; and that he likewise
had Mr. Pope's beautiful Poem on that subject in his eye, at the
Time when he compos'd this Piece.



THE COURT OF FANCY.

TWAS sultry noon, impatient of the heat
I sought the covert of a close retreat:
Soft by a bubbling fountain was I laid,
And o'er my head the spreading branches play'd;
When gentle slumber stole upon my eyes,
And busy *Fiction* bid this vision rise.

Methought I penfive unattended stood,
Wrapt in the horrors of a desert wood;
Old Night and Silence spread their sway around,
And not a breeze disturb'd the dread profound.
To break the wild, and gain the neighb'ring plain,
Oft I essay'd, and oft essay'd in vain;
Still in intricate mazes round I ran,
And ever ended where I first begun.
While thus I lab'ring strove t' explore my way,
Bright on my sense broke unexpected Day:
Retiring Night in haste withdrew her shade,
And sudden morn shone thro' the op'ning glade.
No more the scene a desert wild appear'd,
A smiling grove its vernal honors rear'd;

20
While:

While sweetnes on the balmy breezes hung,
And all around a joyful Mattin rung.
Soft was the strain as *Zephyr* in the grove,
Or purling streams that thro' the meadows rove.

Now wild in air the varying strain is tost,
In distant echoes then the sound is lost;
Again reviv'd, and lo! the willing trees
Rise to the pow'rful numbers by degrees.
Trees now no more, robb'd of their verdant bloom,
They shine supporters of a spacious dome,
The wood to bright transparent crystal chang'd,
High fluted columns rise in order rang'd.

So to the magic of *Amphion's* lyre
Stones motion found, and *Thebes* was seen t' aspire;
The nodding forests 'rose with the soft sound,
And gilded turrets glitter'd all around:
Each wond'ring God bent from his heav'nly seat
To view what pow'rful music cou'd compleat.

High on a mountain was the pile disclos'd,
And spreading limes th' ascending walks compos'd;
While far below the waving woods declin'd,
Their verdant tops bow'd with the gentle wind.
Bright varying *Novelty* produc'd delight,
And *Majesty* and *Beauty* charm'd the sight.
Such are the scenes which *Poets* sweetly sing,
By *Fancy* taught to strike the trembling string.

25

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35

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45

Here *Fancy's* fane, near to the blest abode
 Of all her kindred Gods, superior stood.
 Dome upon dome it sparkl'd from on high,
 Its lofty top lost in the azure sky. 50
 By *Fiction's* hand th' amazing pile was rear'd,
 In ev'ry part stupendous skill appear'd ;
 In beautiful disorder yet compleat,
 The structure shone irregular and great :
 The noble frontispiece of antique mold
 Glitter'd with gems, and blaz'd with burnish'd gold. 55

Now thro' the sounding vaults, self op'ning rung
 The massy gates on golden hinges hung ;
 All the bright structure was disclos'd to view,
 Magnificent with beauty ever new ! 60
 Trembling I stood absorb'd in dread surprize,
 And sudden glory dim'd my aching eyes.
 Unnumber'd Pillars all around were plac'd,
 Their capitals with artful sculpture grac'd.
 Wide round the roof a fictitious sky was rais'd,
 A glorious Sun in the meridian blaz'd, 65
 On the rich columns play'd his dazzling ray,
 And all around diffus'd immortal day ;
 A shining Phoenix on th' effusive rays
 Fix'd his aspiring eye with steady gaze.
 Beneath appear'd a chequer'd pavement, bright
 With sparkling Jaspanyx and Chrysalite. 70

'Round, by creating *Fiction's* hand renew'd,
 Gay visionary scenes in order stood;
 Th' obedient figures at her touch disclos'd,
 And various tales the glowing walls compos'd.

75

Here mighty *Jove* amidst assembl'd Gods,
 Rais'd on his starry Throne majestic nods ;
 On his right hand the dreadful fates are seen,
 And on his left is plac'd his haughty *Queen*.
 There the pale *Tyrant* of the dreary coasts
 Sways with his pow'rful sceptre fleeting ghosts.
 Blue *Neptune* scours along his wat'ry reign,
 Now lifts the waves aloft now stilis the raging main.
 Perch'd on a lofty rock *Aeolus* stands,
 And holds the winds in strong coercive bands.
 Here the bright *Queen* of beauty stands confess'd,
 There angry *Mars* in martial honors dres'd.
Alcides here appears with warrior pride,
 The Lion's spoil descending o'er his side,
 The watchful Dragon at his feet is lain,
 The Lernean Hydra and dire Centaurs slain.
 Here glows *Diana* eager in the chace,
 And there *Minerva* shews with sober grace.
 There with the madning rout close at his heels,
 Young *Bacchus*, jolly God, triumphant reels.
 Gay *Maia's* son high mounted on the wind,
 Cuts thro' the air and leaves the clouds behind.

80

85

90

95

Toward the rosy East, great *Mithra* shone,
Bright in the glories of a rising sun. 100

Beneath in solemn pomp with hands uprear'd,
In flowing robes the Magi all appear'd.

Here the sage * *Battrian* pois'd his magic wand,
Obedient *Genii* waited his command.

There *Thammuz* laid, while from the gaping wound
Pour'd the rich stream, and sanguin'd all the ground. 105
Amidst his impious vot'ries *Chemos'* stood,
And horrid *Moloch* smear'd with infant blood.

Northward fierce *Woden* stood with terrors crown'd,
And angry *Thor* threw heedless thunder round. 110
Fair *Friga* with her lovely train was seen,
The beauteous rival of the paphian Queen.
Old *Merlin* struck the lyre, the wond'ring throng
Attended 'round to his prophetic song.

Southward disorder'd figures struck my eyes,
Monkies and *Serpents* rais'd to deities ; 115
Mad superstitious *Ægypt* these rever'd
And to the hideous tribe their pray'rs prefer'd.
Maim'd *Memnon* there seem'd on his harp to play,
And hail *Oasis* bringing on the day. 120
Pale *Isis* crescent faintly glimmer'd here,
And barking *Anubis* display'd the year.

* Zoroaster.

Gay sportive fawns adorn'd the distant scene,
In antic measures skipping o'er the green.
There sea Nymphs wanton'd on the wat'ry gleam,
Rode on the waves, or cleav'd the yielding stream. 125
Here the pale *Sybils* rang'd their mystic leaves,
And *Etna* with the lab'ring *Cyclops* heaves.
There craggy rocks the sons of *Titan* tore,
And mountains shaggy roots tremendous bore, }
And threat'n'd *Jove* with the promiscuous war. } 130

Bold *Phaeton* here urg'd his mad request,
Ambitious joy swell'd his presumptuous breast;
Elate he mounted in the flaming car,
The Sire attended with a fix'd despair; 135
Nor could the Parent's tears the Youth restrain,
He laugh'd at fear, and daring took the rein.
The fiery steeds his feeble hand despise,
And stretch'd with glowing ardor thro' the skies;
Now thunders roll'd, pale lightning play'd around, 140
And the rash boy soon felt the burning wound.

Pygmalion there the statue seem'd to move,
Assisted by the pow'rful Queen of Love;
With rapture fir'd, to his exulting breast
The animated stone he fondly prest; 145
Transported on each shining feature gaz'd,
Now soften'd into life, and saw amaz'd,
Awaken'd into sense, her eye-balls roll,
And heaving breasts bespoke the ent'ring soul;

Saw,

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS. 51

Saw on her cheeks the rosy tincture burn,
And felt her lips the ravish'd kiss return,

159

Fam'd *Daedalus* here wing'd the midway air,
And sighing, saw his Son disdain his care.

Young *Icarus* on spreading pinions rose,
And scorn'd the path his wary Sire had chose ;
For heav'n the aspiring Boy his flight begun,
But felt the ardor of too near a Sun ;
The temper'd wax before the scorching Ray
Melted, and lo ! the loosen'd wings gave way ;
And while his father's Name his accents gave,
Fell from the height, and sunk beneath the wave.

155

Diana's rage there hapless *Ateon* feels,
And saw his hounds pursuing at his heels ;
Chang'd to a Stag, he swept along the plain,
In vain his speed, he flew from death in vain.

160

165

Elysium next disclos'd its blissful bow'rs,
With heav'nly fruitage deck'd, and radiant flow'rs ;
Celestial *Amaranth* eternal bloom'd,
And the bright Plains with od'rous scents perfum'd ;
Thro' the gay Meads an amber current roll'd
O'er sands resplendent as *Arabia's* gold,
On whose green banks the happy Shades reclin'd,
Quafft its sweet stream, and left their cares behind.

170

What ever Dreamer dreamt, or Poet sung,
 Or lying Fable with her double tongue
 Told the believing World, now did appear
 Delusions all, for when approaching near
 They shun'd the view, and shrank to empty Air.

175

High in the midst, rais'd on her rolling throne,
 Sublimely eminent bright FANCY shone.

180

A glitt'ring * Tiara her temples bound,
 Rich set with sparkling Rubies all around ;
 Her azure eyes roll'd with majestic grace,
 And youth eternal bloom'd upon her face,
 A radiant bough, Ensign of her command,
 Of polish'd gold wav'd in her lilly hand ;
 The same the Sybil to *Aeneas* gave,
 When the bold *Trojan* cross'd the Stygian wave.

185

In silver traces fix'd unto her Car,
 Four snowy Swans, proud of th' imperial Fair,
 Wing'd lightly on, each in gay beauty drest,
 Smooth'd the soft plumage that adorn'd her breast.
 Sacred to her the lucent Chariot drew,
 Or whether wildly thro' the air she flew,
 Or whether to the dreary shades of Night
 Oppress'd with gloom she downwards bent her flight,
 Or proud aspiring sought the blest abodes,
 And boldly shot among th' assenbl'd Gods.

190

195

* This Conceit is occasioned, by the Tiara's being a Badge of Royalty used in the East, and the oriental Writers abounding much in Pieces of Imagination.

On her right hand appear'd the joyful Nine,
 And on her left the Graces all divine; 200
 Young Infant *Love* soft on her breast reclin'd,
 And with his Mother's glowing beauty shin'd.
 Her fav'rite Sons were rang'd in Order round,
 In three bright bands with deathless lawrels crown'd ;
 Great *Homer* here enjoy'd superior day, 205
 Illuminated by bright *Fancy*'s ray ;
Apelles there, whose magic hand could give
 Form to the mass, and bid the fiction live ;
Timotheus next, whose animated Lyre
 Cold Grief could charm, and thoughtless rage inspire. 210

Close at her feet a Bard in raptures lost
 Was plac'd, and wildly round his eye-balls tost ;
 Great Fancy was the theme ! the soothing strain
 In floods of pleasure thrill'd thro' ev'ry vein.
 Thus, while the trembling notes ascend on high, 215
 He sung; Indulgent Queen of ev'ry joy,
 What rapture fills the breast thou dost inspire,
 The Lover's transport, and the Poet's fire !
 At thy command obedient Pleasure bends,
 And rosy Beauty to thy call attends ; 220
 The fanning gales shall swelling spread thy fame,
 And echoing Groves well-pleas'd resound thy Name !

While thus around my eyes I wildly threw,
 From charm to charm, and did each wonder view,

Pleas'd on the heav'nly ravishment to gaze,
 'Rose with the strain, or wanton'd in the blaze !
 Her awful Silence the bright Goddess broke,
 And frowning, thus in angry mood she spoke.
 Com'st thou, vain Mortal, here with searching Eye
 Into the secrets of our Court to pry ?
 What rash presumption swells thy youthful breast,
 That in our presence thus you've rudely prest ?

225

230

Trembling I kneel'd, with fear my tongue was ty'd
 A space, when speech regain'd, I thus reply'd.
 With lowly Rev'rence I hither came,
 Not to deride, but to adore thy Naime ;
 To thee I ever dedicate my Song,
 To hail thy glories 'midst this suppliant throng.

235

Then from her shining feat, the heav'nly Maid
 In beautiful arrision, answ'ring said ;
 Then have thy wish, here Mortal take this Lyre,
 Strike bold the strings, and sing as I inspire.
 Humbly I bow'd, her mild commands obey'd,
 And careless o'er the Lyre my fingers laid,
 And soon with wild poetic rage posses'd,
 All my frame shook, and lab'ring heav'd my breast.
 By Fancy fir'd, enraptur'd thus I sung,
 Whilst all around redoubling Echoes rung.

240

245

Zephyr attend, or whether thro' the grove
 Soft whisp'ring you the leafy branches move,
 Or shaking dulcet dew-drops from each flow'r
 Wide thro' the plain you spread the fragrant show'r,
 Or whether *Sylvia* panting in some shade
 In tender accents woos thee to her aid!

No more in am'rous sporting spend the day, 255

No longer wanton on her bosom play :

Fancy commands ! obey the regal Fair,

Fancy commands ! quick all your wings prepare !

From the Sun's early dawn till where again

He sets his glories in the azure main ;

260

Thro' ev'ry Clime her royal mandate bear,

And bid mankind to her bright Court repair.

Hear Earth's Inhabitants ! ye Mortals hear !

And let attentive wonder fix each ear.

Fancy invites ! nor let her ask in vain,

265

Come, taste her heav'nly sweets, and hail her reign !

Zephyr obedient on his wings convey'd
 The joyful Summons warbling thro' the glade ;

Swiftly he swept along the spicy vale,

Caught all its sweets, and in a balmy gale

Gently he stole on the fond Lover's ear,

270

And in loud accents bid the Warrior hear !

From diff'rent Climes the thronging Nations came,

And rush'd promiscuously before the Dame :

Prostrate before her throne their hands they rear,
And to the Goddess loud prefer their pray'r.
Confus'd they all demand her promis'd joys,
While the long vaults resound their clam'rous noise.
As when loud billows break upon the shore,
Or o'er th' opposing Rocks the torrents roar.
Her glitt'ring branch impatient round she swung,
And instant silence seiz'd each babbling tongue.
Abash'd they trembling stood, and seem'd to be
Transfix'd in mute insensibility.
Quick was dispers'd each wild tumultuous sound,
And the soft breezes all were hush'd around.

275

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295

Now swiftly forward false Delusion came,
Wrapt in a fulvid Cloud appear'd the Dame.
Thin was her form, in airy garments drest,
And grotesque figures flam'd upon her vest ;
In her right hand she held a magic glass,
From whence around reflected glories pass.
Blind by the subtle rays, the giddy Croud
Rush'd wildly from the Dome and shouted loud.
The few remain'd whom Fancy did inspire
Yet undeceiv'd by vain Delusion's fire.

A Troop of shining forms the next came on,
Foremost bright Nature's awful Goddess shone.
Fair *Truth* she led, in spotless white array'd,
And pleasing *Beauty*, sweet celestial Maid ;

300

Where

Where *Truth* and *Nature* aid the great design,
Beauty attends, and makes it all divine.

Sweet *Poesy* was seen their steps behind,
With golden tresses sporting in the wind ;
In careless plaits did her bright garments flow,
And nodding laurels wav'd around her brow ;
Sweetly she struck the string, and sweetly sung,
Th' attentive tribe on the soft accents hung.
'Tis her's to sing who great in arms excel,
Who bravely conquer'd or who glorious fell ;
Heroes in verse still gain a deathless name,
And ceaseless ages their renown proclaim.
Oft to Philosophy she lends her aid,
And treads the Sage's solitary shade ;
Her great first task is nobly to inspire
Th' immortal Soul with Virtue's sacred fire.

305

310

315

320

325

Then *Painting* forward mov'd in garlands drest,
The Rainbows varied tints adorn'd her vest.
Great Nature's Rival ! — quick to her command
Beauty attends, and aids her pow'rful hand .
At her creative touch gay fictions glow,
Bright Tulips bloom, and op'ning Roses blow.
The canvas see, what pleasing prospects rise !
What varying Beauty strikes our wond'ring eyes !
Chill'd Winter's wastes, or Spring's delightful green,
Hot Summer's pride, or Autumn's yellow scene ;

Here lawns are spread, there tow'ring forests wave,
The heights we fear, or wish the cooling lave !

Her blooming Sister in her hand she led,
Joy in her eye, fair *Sculpture* heav'n taught Maid.
'Tis her's to stow a mimic life to give, 330
Heroes and Sages at her call revive ;
See flow'ry Orators with out-stretch'd hand
Address'd to speak, in glowing marble stand !

Sudden I hear'd soft sounds, a pleasing strain !
Music advanc'd with all her heav'nly train. 335
Sweetly enraptur'd then my pulse beat high,
And my breast glow'd fraught with unusual joy.
'Tis harmony can ev'ry passion move,
Give sorrow ease, or melt the soul to love ;
Exulting Pleasure to her call attends, 340
E'en stormy Rage to pow'rful music bends.

With Turrets crown'd bright *Architettura* shone,
The lovely Maid with easy steps came on ;
Graceful her mien, her looks celestial shin'd,
Where majesty and softning beauty join'd. 345
At her command see lofty Piles ascend,
Columns aspire, triumphal Arches bend.

Astronomy with proud aspiring Eye,
Gaz'd on the glowing beauties of the sky.

330

335

340

345

350

Her

Her vest with glitt'ring Stars was spangl'd o'er,
 And in her hand a Telescope she bore.
 With this she mark'd the rolling Planets way,
 Or where portentous Comets dreadful stray.

Tho' last, not least *Philosophy* was seen, 355
 Slow was her step, and awful was her mien ;
 A Volume open in her hand she held,
 With Nature's law the ample page was fill'd.
 'Tis her's great Nature's wond'rrous depths t' explore,
 Or to the Gods in heav'nly rapture soar. 360

With *these* bright *Fancy's* Sons their hours employ,
 Pursue *their* lore, and taste each rising joy.

Now suddenly the scene was chang'd again,
 And brought to view Delusion's spreading reign :
 There intermingl'd hills and rocks were seen,
 Here shady Groves and flow'ry Lawns between. 365
 Full in the front a lofty Pile was rear'd,
 The Architecture old and rude appear'd.
 Delusion's residence, within confin'd
 Gay Fictions lurk, and Dreams of ev'ry kind.
 Constant as waters roll, or flames ascend, 370
 Hither their course the rising vapours bend ;
 Drest by her hand they shine with mimic bloom,
 Or at her word their nothingness resume.

But still from *Fancy* all her pow'r she draws,
 Bows to her Name, and owns her sacred Laws.
 Some in light Dreams the sleeping senses move,
 And led by them the thoughts unsettl'd rove,
 Others more bold majestic portments take,
 And plague delighted those who dream awake.
 Such are the dreams of those who thirst for pow'r,
 The superstitious, and a thousand more.
 Others usurp the features of the Dead,
 And shake the torch around the Murth'rer's bed;
 Affright the Vigil, or in wanton mirth
 Make fools seek hidden treasures in the earth,
 Or lead the weary traveller awry,
 Or rising flame amazement in the sky.

375

380

385

390

Now with the croud Delusion forward came,
 A Troop of Phantoms flutter'd round the Dame;
 In bands the throng she instantly divides,
 A Phantom over ev'ry band presides.

Foremost a bright majestic Form appear'd,
 And in her hand the honour'd Fasces rear'd;
 Forward she strode with more than virgin pace,
 And leer'd upon the Croud with haughty grace.
 Power was her name, assuming selfish Pride
 And glitt'ring Pomp attended by her side.
 Her fav'rite Son high on a seat she plac'd,
 With mimic gems and glassy bawbles grac'd;

395

400

Close

Close by his side was seated wrinkl'd Care,
 While Envy view'd him with malicious stare :
 Sternly he ey'd around the servile throng,
 While loud acclaim proceeded from each tongue ;
 But from the giddy height devolving soon, 405
 Reproach, Contempt and Shame is on him thrown.
 Eager another mounts the chair of pow'r,
 And shines the empty pageant of an hour.

Dame *Superstition* was the next came on,
 Bright on her head the gilded mitre shone, 410
 Varying her aspect, now she rais'd her eye,
 And seem'd bewilder'd with extatic joy ;
 Then sudden gloom her countenance depreſſ'd,
 Tears roll'd apace, and sorrow heav'd her breast ;
 Now calm again she silent view'd around 415
 The prostrate Croud bent humbly to the ground :
 Then caught with sudden rage she hurl'd about
 Her thund'ring Anathema 'mong the Rout.

An aged wrinkl'd *Hag* the next appear'd,
 Four mould'ring turrets o'er her temples rear'd ; 420
 In rows like beads the faithful medals tied,
 In ornamental Rust adorn'd her side.
 A broken Column of an ancient date
 She dragg'd, and sinking seem'd beneath the weight.
 The Column all admir'd, the medals more, 425
 " Th' Inscription value, but the Rust adore."

The next to her approach'd a rev'rent *Dame*,
 In trophies great from Insects torn she came ;
 With stately step she trod the plain along,
 And threw her treasure 'midst th'admir ing throng.
 Forward with joy each curious Mortal sprang,
 This caught a gaudy wing, and that a pointed fang.

430

Before the giddy throng, which now advanc'd,
 With mincing step gay *Affectation* danc'd,
 Then sudden stop'd, and staring on the Croud
 She frown'd, then smil'd, and giggl'd out aloud.
 The num'rous Throng attending round the Fair,
 Mimick'd her gestures, and assum'd her air.

435

A croud of Mortals here with wond'ring eyes,
 All pale and trembling gaz'd upon the skies ;
 Where on blue plains opposing hosts engage,
 While shouts are heard and all the battle's rage.
 Amidst the throng stood cold and heartless *Fear*,
 The fall of Nations whisp'ring in each ear.

440

Here pallid Spectres gleam'd, and there were seen
 The Fairy Train in gambols on the green.
 Through miry ways the rustic journeys round,
 Nor dares presuming tread the hallow'd ground ;
 Dire ills await the Wretch, so fable sings,
 Or pinch'd all o'er, or pierc'd with thousand stings.

445

450

The

The Structure ent'ring, as around I threw
 My wond'ring eyes, gay forms arose to view.
 False *Pleasure* here the borrow'd form of Joy
 Assum'd, and roll'd around her sparkling eye.
 But who, allur'd by her enchanting song,
 From Virtue shrinks, and mingles with her throng,
 Soon sees her beauties fade, and to his eyes
 Deformity and sad Disease arise.

455

In a dark corner hell-born *Jealousy*
 A wan and haggard Spright, I did espy;
 Watchful she roll'd her ghastly eyes around,
 And cautious trod to catch the whisp'ring sound.
 Her heart forever deathless vultures tear,
 And by her side stalk anguish and despair.
 Curst is the wretch with her dire rage posses'd,
 When fancy'd ills destroy his wonted rest.

460

Pale *Avarice* was seen with looks of care,
 And clasp'd her bags with never-ceasing fear.
 Close foll'wing her a wretched spectre came,
 With tatter'd garments, *Poverty* her name,
 In vain her search t' elude still *Avarice* strives,
 Amidst her store in endless want she lives.

470

False *Honor* here I saw all gayly dreft,
 Glass were her beads, and tinsel'd was her vest;
 Form'd in barbaric ages, rude her mien,
 And in her hand the sanguin'd Sword was seen.

475

Not

Not stain'd like Patriots in their Country's cause,
To save Religion, or support the Laws ;
In private Strife the crimson torrents flow,
Their Country wounded by each fatal blow.

480

With chequer'd hood *Dissimiling* stood behind,
And *Falshood* coining lies to cheat Mankind ;
While with smooth art deceitful *Flattery*
Address'd the ear of list'ning *Vanity*.

The gloom was now disclos'd where *Spleen* remain'd,
A thousand various ills the Goddess pain'd.
As pow'rful Fancy works here Mortals are
Transform'd to glass, or China's brittle ware ;
Oppress'd by *Spleen* no longer joy they know,
For ever tortur'd with imagin'd woe.

485

490

As thus I onward mov'd with wand'ring pace,
And view'd the varied wonders of the place ;
Just heav'n, I cry'd, Oh! give me to restrain
Imagination with a steady rein !
Tho' oft she leads thro' *Pleasure's* flow'ry ways,
In *Error's* thorny path she sometimes strays.
Let me my hours with solid Judgment spend,
Nor to Delusion's airy dreams attend ;
By *Reason* guided we shall only know
Those heav'nly joys which *Fancy* can bestow !

495

500



VICTORY.

VICTORY.

A POEM.

I.

ON a soft bank, wrapt in the gloomy groves,
 (Thro' which *Ohio's* ever rolling wave,
 Unaw'd by moons, meandering wildly roves,
 And sweetly murmurring seems to mourn the *brave*;))

II.

Britannia sad reclin'd, and o'er their Grave
 Surcharg'd with grief her azure eyes did move;
 Her plaint was aided by the mournful wave,
 And Zephyr to return her sigh still strove.

III.

Her spear and laurel-wreath aside were thrown,
 The big round pearly drops each other trace
 From her bright eyes in gushing torrents down,
 And wash'd the roses from her beauteous face.

IV.

“ Ah ! why, (then cry'd the bright angelic Maid)
 “ Why is my breast a prey to foul despair ?
 “ It is but folly thus to mourn the *dead*,
 “ No longer then I'll idly loiter here.

V.

" I'll seek where VICTORY her seat doth rear,
 " And all around her pow'ful influence spread,
 " She yet perhaps may listen to my pray'r,
 " And grant revenge for ev'ry gallant Shade."

VI.

Then spread her snowy wings, and sought the skies,
 A lucent path proclaim'd the Goddess' flight ;
 So thro' the air the streaming lightning flies,
 And leaves behind a dreadful blaze of light.

VII.

Above where Morning decks the lovely East
 With the deep beauties of the Virgin's glow,
 On her bright way *Britannia* swiftly prest,
 And left the busy worlds to roll below.

VIII.

And soon she gain'd the vast amazing height,
 And soon the shining Palace she espies,
 The massy Gates wide op'ning, gave the bright
 Celestial Beauty to her wond'ring eyes.

IX.

Rude was the Structures front, and round was heard
 The groans of anguish echoing thro' the gloom,
 Within bright majesty and grace appear'd,
 And sounds of triumph shook the spacious Dome.

X.

Horror was Porter, with a ghastly stare,
 His eye-brows rais'd, his mouth was open'd wide,
 A hideous Concave! but no tongue was there,
 For speech to him the angry Pow'rs deny'd.

XI.

The next grim *Death* was plac'd, and by his side
 Pale shiv'ring *Fear*, and ever writhing *Pain*,
 His Sister that, and this his gloomy Bride,
 Hung on his hand a dreadful hellish Train.

XII.

Clad in deep sables *Sorrow* did appear,
 All wan and ghastly with dejected eye,
 Eager she treasur'd ev'ry Widow's tear,
 And number'd ev'ry helpless Orphan's sigh.

XIII.

High on her shining seat was *Victory* plac'd,
 Sweet were her smiles, but dreadful was her frown,
 Her left hand with the spreading palm was grac'd,
 And in her right she held the Victor's crown.

XIV

One perfect Ruby was her glitt'ring throne,
 Gold were th' ascending steps, but smear'd with blood,
 Close by her side bright laurel'd *Glory* shone,
 And *Fame* with her loud sounding Trumpet stood.

XV.

Slav'ry, fast bound to her triumphant car,
 In anguish gnash'd her teeth, and shook her chain,
 While *Liberty* aloft, pois'd in the air,
 With pitying eye beheld the Miscreant's pain.

XVI.

Behind brisk *Follisy*, in frolick mood,
 With the full Bowl, and crown'd with grapes, was shown,
 The Muse, e'er grateful to the brave and good,
 Struck the soft Lyre with sweetnes all her own.

XVII.

And now, the last of all this varied throng,
 Sweet *Peace* was by her branching Olive known,
 Smiling, with easy steps she swept along,
 Nor e'er deform'd her beauties with a frown.

XVIII.

Around the wall, in curious niches plac'd,
 The imag'd Heroes sternly frown'd in gold,
 Each warlike arm a polish'd Falchin grac'd,
 Their brows were honor'd with the Laurel's fold.

XIX.

Or those who grac'd the happier days of old,
 Who to the heav'ns their envied names had rais'd,
 Or those whom later ages had enroll'd,
 On the bright list in shining armour blaz'd.

XX.

XX.

Prussia, great Monarch! whom no fate can move,
Superior 'bove the glorious Train appear'd;
In all the terrors of another Jove,
While the dread bolt his sable Eagle rear'd.

XXI.

Next *Ferdinand*; who calm the War surveys,
Serenity e'er gilds his princely breast,
So Neptune skims along the troubl'd waves,
And smiling bids old Ocean be at rest.

XXII.

O'er the bright pavement, now, with eager haste,
(To where great *Victory* triumphant shone,
Rais'd on her glitt'ring seat.) *Britannia* prest,
And humbly bow'd before her awful throne.

XXIII.

Then thus she spoke, (but 'ere she speech could gain,
She dropt fresh tears, and heav'd some poignant sighs)
“ Oh! brightest thou of the celestial train,
“ Ador'd by Man, and fav'rite of the Skies!

XXIV.

“ Once was I blest, when o'er my infant days
“ Well pleas'd you smil'd, and rear'd me up to fame,
“ Then did I wanton in thy glorious blaze,
“ And distant Nations trembl'd at my name!

XXV.

XXV.

“ Then to my sway was Gallia forc'd to yield,
 “ In vain she call'd her num'rous armies forth ;
 “ *Cressy* and *Poitiers*, and the glorious field
 “ Of *Agincourt*, proclaim'd my Britons worth.

XXVI.

“ But now in vain, forsook by heav'n and Thee,
 “ In vain they strive, their courage all is vain ;
 “ Tho' the dear prize is Fame and Liberty,
 “ They see triumphant Slaves, and dread the chain.

XXVII.

“ For pity (thou, who with a Mother's care,
 “ Hung o'er my youth) propitious lend thy aid ;
 “ Their baleful heads, see the pale Lilies rear,
 “ While my lov'd Roses mourning droop and fade ! ”

XXVIII.

She ceas'd, nor could she more, distressing woe
 Her utt'rance stopt, and cut the moving Tale,
 Down her pale cheeks the briny torrents flow,
 Nor Hope could o'er her strength'ning Fears prevail.

XXIX.

Then *Vitt'ry* thus, “ Oh ! thou, my Joy and Pride !
 “ Near to my heart, and fav'rite of my train,
 “ Thou wouldst not thus have mourn'd had heav'n comply'd,
 “ Nor had thy gallant Britons toil'd in vain.

XXX.

XXX.

" But now new laurels wait to grace thy brow,
 " And heav'n appeas'd, a clearing ray shall give,
 " Thy glory then another dawn shall know,
 " Thy pow'r again, and all thy joys revive.

XXXI.

" Thy Fleets, the lordly Sovereigns of the Sea,
 " Shall bear from thee the terrors of the war,
 " While Gallia pale, and trembling with dismay,
 " Shall shrink to view thy Navy from afar.

XXXII.

" Soon *Canada* shall own thy pow'rful sway,
 " Yet bleeding Conquest here will ask the tear,
 " Like noble *Decius*, thy brave * Chief must pay
 " His life a victim for his Country here."

XXXIII.

She said, and while *Britannia* humbly bow'd,
 Bid willing Fame her silver trumpet sound,
Britannia's name rung thro' the vaults aloud,
 And Echo gave it to the heav'ns around !

* General WOLFE.



A PARAPHRASE on the first PSALM.

I.

BLEST is the man who never lent
To bold designing men his ear,
Who, on his Country's good intent,
From bribing Offices is clear:

2.

But ever constant will remain
Supporter of her lawful right,
Will firm her liberty maintain,
Against Oppressors day and night.

3.

Like a fair Tree he shall appear ;
Which planted by some River's side,
Its fruit does in due season bear,
And blooms in vernal Nature's pride.

4.

Thus shall it flourish, thus shall rise,
Its verdant Leaf shall never fade,
Its beauties still shall glad our eyes,
And Pleasure dwell beneath its shade.

5.

But men of dark base treachery,
Like chaff before the active wind,
By giddy factions tost shall be,
Till left the scorn of all Mankind.

6. Where

6.

Where Justice reigns they shun the place,
 Or where the open way doth shine,
 Or where bright Truth our Senates grace,
 But veil'd by night they then design.

7.

To all the virtuous Patriot known,
 Shall ever live in endless fame,
 Whilst they (their deep laid schemes o'erthrown),
 Shall die, and with them die their name.

A C A N T A T A , O N P E A C E . 1763.

To Mr. N. E.

R E C I T A T I V E .

W H E R E Schuylkil's banks the shades adorn,
 And roses op'ning to the morn,
 Give odours to the breeze;
 Thus Corydon, a tuneful Swain,
 Tun'd his soft reed a soothing strain,
 By Nature form'd to please.
 While Wood-Nymphs list'ning round him stood,
 The Naiads left the oozy flood,
 Caught by the heav'nly song.
Attention, to the Muse's aid,
 Call'd Silence from her secret shade,
 And *Rapture* join'd the throng.

A I R.

Let Pleasure smile upon the plain,
 See *Peace*, with balmy wing,
 Now hither bends her flight again,
 To crown the joyful spring.

Close by the fair One's side are seen,
 The *Arts*, with garlands drest,
 Gay *Commerce*, with engaging mien,
 And *Wealth*, with gaudy vest.

Now may the *Muse* enjoy the shade,
 Now tune her pleasing song,
 While wanton *Echo* thro' the glade
 Shall waft the strain along.

Then let all join the cheerful sound,
 'Tis *Peace*, sweet *Peace* we sing!
 And let the joyful groves around
 With the loud *Chorus* ring.

C H O R U S:

Then let all join the cheerful sound,
 'Tis *Peace*, sweet *Peace* we sing!
 And let the joyful groves around
 With the loud *Chorus* ring.





SONGS.

I.

1.

THE day was clos'd beneath the shade,
 As pensive Celia sat,
 For Damon mourn'd the lovely Maid,
 And rail'd at envious fate.
 Thus to the night she gave her woe,
 While hush'd was all the wood,
 Still were the winds, the streams ran flow,
 And *Silence* lift'ning stood.

2.

Ah! but in vain are tears and sighs,
 In vain must Celia mourn,
 From me the faithless Damon flies,
 And leaves me but his scorn.
 Why do the flatt'ring Shepherds say,
 Who fees my beauty dies?
 Why rob the Sovereign of the Day,
 To deck those dreaded eyes?

3.

Nor are those arts to man confin'd,
 The limpid streams deceive,
 In the soft mirror charms I find,
 And what I wish believe.
 But what are all these boasted charms;
 They cannot Damon move?
 For glory now he leaves my arms,
 And flights my proffer'd love.

II.

I.

WHEN in *Celia's* heav'nly Eye
 Soft inviting Love I spy,
 Tho' you say 'tis all a cheat,
 I must clasp the dear deceit.

2.

Why should I more knowledge gain,
 When it only gives me pain?
 If deceiv'd I'm still at rest,
 In the sweet Delusion blest.



III. To

III.

TO SYLVIA.

1.

WHY seek you to know what your fond *Damon* feels,
 Yet meet with derision what Passion reveals ?
 Thy bosom proud *Sylvia* distress ne'er could move,
 Nor ever could feel the soft raptures of Love.

2.

When *Damon* would urge you with sighs, and with tears,
 To pity his suff'rings, you laugh at his fears ;
 Thus cold, and thus cruel, those joys you'll ne'er find
 Which virtue yields virtue in sympathy join'd.

3.

So some curious Image whose figure at most,
 And beautiful outside is all it can boast,
 By the Artist's kind hand all its beauties are dreft,
 And tho' mimicking Life is a Stone at the best.

4.

Then hear me, proud *Sylvia*, nor boast your bright charms,
 Which ev'ry fond bosom so pow'rfully warms,
 While thus like an image of life, but a show,
 You're sway'd by no Passion, no Pleasure you'll know.

5. Accept

5.

Accept the advice which I friendly would give,
 Drive hence Affectation e'er wrinkles arrive;
 Or like some maim'd statue, disdainful thrown by,
 With rubbish and lumber unheeded you'll lie.

IV.

I.

YOUNG *Thyrsis* with sighs often tells me his Tale,
 And artfully strives o'er my heart to prevail,
 He sings me love-songs as we trace thro' the Grove,
 And on each fair Poplar hangs sonnets of love.
 Tho' I often smile on him to soften his pain,
 (For wit I would have to embellish my train)
 I still put him off, for I have him so fast,
 I know he with joy will accept me at last.

2.

Among the gay Tirbe that still flatter my pride,
 There's *Cloddy* is handsome, and wealthy beside;
 With such a gay partner more joys I can prove
 Than to live in a Cottage with *Thyrsis* on love.
 Tho' the Shepherd is gentle, yet blame me who can,
 Since wealth, and not manners, 'tis now makes the man.
 But should I fail here, and my hopes be all past,
 Fond *Thyrsis* I know will accept me at last.

3. Thus

3.

Thus *Delia* enliven'd the grove with her strain,
 When *Thyrsis*, the Shepherd, came over the plain;
 Bright *Chloris* he led, whom he'd just made his bride,
 Joy shone in their eyes, as they walk'd side by side;
 She scorn'd each low cunning, nor wish'd to deceive,
 But all her delight was sweet pleasure to give.
 In wedlock she chose to tye the Swain fast,
 For Shepherds will change if put off to the last.

V.

I.

O Come to * *Masonborough's* grove,
 Ye Nymphs and Swains away,
 Where blooming Innocence and Love,
 And Pleasure crown the day.

2.

Here dwells the Muse, here her bright Seat
 Erects the lovely Maid,
 From Noise and Show, a blest retreat,
 She seeks the sylvan shade.

3.

Hence Myra, with that scornful air,
 Nor frown within this grove,
 Fell hate shall find no resting here,
 'Tis sacred all to Love.

* A pleasant Retreat, nigh Cape Fear, in North-Carolina.

4.

And Chloe, on whose wanton breast
 Lascivious breezes play,
 'Tis Innocence that makes us blest,
 And as the Season gay.

5.

Ye noisy Revellers retire,
 Bear your loud laughter hence,
 'Tis Virtue shall our songs inspire,
 And Mirth without offence.

6.

The Queen of Beauty, all divine,
 Here spreads her gentle reign,
 See, all around, the graces shine,
 Like Cynthia's silver train.

VI.

I.

FOR *Chloris* long I sigh'd in vain,
 Nor could her bosom move,
 She met my vows with cold disdain,
 And scorn return'd for Love.
At length, grown weary of her pride,
 I left the haughty Maid,
Corinna's fetters now I try'd,
 Who love for love repaid.

With

2.

With her the pleasing hours I waste,
 With her such joys I prove,
 As kindred Souls alone can taste,
 When join'd in mutual Love.
 Ye Shepherds here, nor slight my strain,
 Fly, fly the scornful Fair,
 Kind Nymphs you 'll find to ease your pain,
 And soften ev'ry care.

VII.

AMYNTOR.

RECITATIVE.

LONG had *Amyntor* free from Love remain'd,
 The God enrag'd to see his pow'r disdain'd,
 Bent his best bow, and aiming at his breast
 The fatal shaft, he thus the Swain address'd.

AIR.

Hear me, hear me senseless Rover,
 Soon thou now shalt be a Lover,
 Cupid will his pow'r maintain ;
 Haughty *Delia* shall enslave thee,
 Thou who thus insulting brav'ſt me,
 Shalt unpity'd drag the chain.

L

RECITATIVE.

RECITATIVE.

He ceas'd, and quick he shot the pointed dart,
Far short it fell, nor reach'd Amyntor's heart;
The angry God was fill'd with vast surprize,
Abash'd he stood, while thus the Swain replies.

A I R.

Think not, Cupid, vain Deceiver,
I will own thy power ever,
Guarded from thy arts by Wine;
Haughty Beauty ne'er shall grieve me,
Bacchus still shall e'er relieve me,
All his rosy joys are mine;
All his rosy joys are mine.



THE ASSEMBLY OF BIRDS;

from CHAUCER.

Begins at the thirteenth Stanza of Chaucer's Poem, called, "The Assembly of Fowles." The Argument of which is, all Fowles are gathered before Nature on St. Valentine's Day, to chuse their Mates. A Female Eagle being beloved of three Falcons, requireth a Year's respite to make her Choice: Upon this Trial, *Qui bien aime tard oublie*: He that loveth well, is slow to forget.

Qui bien aime tard oublie.

TO western climes retir'd declining day,
And night excluded ev'ry lucent ray;
In dens the wearied Beasts were couch'd to rest,
And each gay Warbler sunk into her nest.
Sad *Philomel* alone, with plaintive strain,
Chac'd silence from Old Night's deep gloomy reign:
When lock'd in gentle slumber was I laid,
And, all around me, airy Phantoms play'd.
O Cytherea! love's all-pow'rful Queen,
'Twas thou who rais'd the beauteous mimic scene.
Give me to know the sacred fire again,
'Twas Love inspir'd, and Love shall guide the pen.

5

10

The Sportsman sleeping on the dewy ground,
 Pursues the Game, and chears the eager hound:
 The Miser tells in dreams his hidden store,
 And warlike Knights fight all their battles o'er;
 While those who burn amid the fever's rage,
 In fancied Cups their parching thirst asswage.
 Nor wonder then if I in dreams should stray,
 Where Love inviting makes the fiction gay.

15

20

In a wide plain methought that I was plac'd,
 With Spring's gay liv'ry all the scene was grac'd.
 A lofty beauteous wall before me shone,
 Like em'rald green was ev'ry polish'd stone;
 High in the front a massy gate was rear'd,
 Inscriptions on each glitt'ring fold appear'd.
 Of gold and azure were the letters wrought,
 But diff'rent seem'd to be the Writer's thought.

25

To that delightful place thro' me men go,
 Where wounded hearts no longer feel their woe;
 To that delightful place where ever gay,
 And jocund, sports the green and lusty May.
 No more let pining grief your breasts annoy,
 Haste, enter in, and taste of deathless joy.

30

To that curs'd place, then spake the other side,
 Men go thro' me where joy shall ne'er abide;

35

To

To that curs'd place where trees no leaves shall bear,
But chilly Winter shivers thro' the year.

Here waiting Sorrow spreads her gloomy reign,
Danger attends, and sad distressful Pain. 40

The varying scene astonish'd to behold,
A while I stood, sometimes with fear made cold,
With warmer wishes then again grown bold. }

In vain the Riddle to explain I try,
Still loath to enter, and as loath to fly. 45

So when the ever-faithful Needle set,
Between two Magnets, each of equal weight,
While pow'r to pow'er oppos'd, the war maintains,
Fix'd and immoveable it still remains,

As thus I stood, in thoughtful mood profound,
Soft melody seem'd floating all around. 50

The gates flew open-wide, new beauties rise,
Gay pleasing prospects struck my wond'ring eyes,
Fair spreading trees adorn'd the pleasing scene,
By bounteous Nature drest all gay and green. 55

The builder Oak, the lofty pillar Elm,
The hardy Ash, and the victorious Palm;
The Cypress, friend to Sorrow, mournful Tree,
The Fir, bold sailor o'er the restless sea.

The Holme for whipper's lash, the Box tree too,
The Asp for shafts, for bows the bending Yew;
The peaceful Olive, and the drunken Vine,
And Laurel sacred to the tuneful Nine. 60

While round were seen the Hart, the Buck, the Hind,
The bounding Roe, and Beasts of ev'ry kind.

65

A garden saw I, full of pleasant bow'rs,
Close by a river's brink, enrich'd with flow'rs.
The curling streams in gentle murmurs glide,
And finny Squadrons sported down the tide.
While beauteous Swans in milk-white plumage dreft, 70
Against the waves their downy bosoms prest.
On ev'ry bough the Birds were hear'd to sing,
As when they joyous hail the gladsome Spring.
And gentle Zephyr softly whisp'ring round,
Seem'd join'd accordant to the pleasing sound. 75
Mild was the air, the sky serene and clear,
And spring eternal crown'd the rolling year.
Here wan Disease was never known to tread,
Nor palsy age to shake his hoary head:
Health painted rosy blushes on each face, 80
And blooming youth gave ev'ry other grace.
Here day for ever shone, no night was here,
But light and joy still banish'd ev'ry fear.

Enticing Pleasure there I did espy,
Sweet were her looks, and full of courtesy. 85
Beneath a spreading oak there as I guesf,
Saw I Delight, and with him Gentlenesf.
There saw I Beauty, in a nice attire,
And Youth, with Jollity and warm Desire.

False

False Flatt'ry, Favour, Diligence, and Three
Whose names shall not be here disclos'd by me.

90

On lofty jasper Pillars rais'd on high,
A Temple 'rose, and seem'd to kiss the sky.
Here Nymphs for ever danc'd an endless round,
A varied Train, some with sad myrtle crown'd,
Their garments torn, with loose dishevel'd hair,
And on their brows was sorrow mark'd, and care.
Others more gay, in flow'ry garlands dreft,
And Joy and Gladness seem'd to swell each breast.
With looks serene, close by the Structure's gate;
Peace with her lovely blooming Olives sat.
Sweet was her envied smile, and by her side,
Pale Patience, on a sandy bank, I spy'd.
Here Art was seated, with her shining train,
And Majesty spread round her high domain.

95

100

105

On the bright Roof with gold and azure grac'd,
Full many thousand pair of Doves were plac'd.
Gay Wealth stood Porter at the Temple door,
And in his hand a golden wand he bore.
At whose all pow'rful touch the Gates remove,
And open all the shining Courts of Love.
Haughty his mien, Pride sat upon his brow!
And loosely down his glitt'ring vestments flow.
Ent'ring within I heard unnumber'd sighs,
Such as from fond despairing Lovers rise;

110

115

Warm

Warm was the Gale, and kindl'd by Desire,
And ev'ry Breast seem'd scorch'd with inward fire.

On a rich bed bright sea-born *Venus* laid,
Her loose thin vestments ev'ry charm betray'd ;
In golden fillets were her tresses bound, 120
The blooming Graces all were waiting round.
Fair bounteous *Ceres* by the Goddess stood,
And youthful *Bacchus*, in a frolic mood.
His brows were with bright purple honors drest,
While in the Bowl the juicy grape he prest. 125
, Tis sprightly Wine can the dull passions move,
And *Ceres'* blessings give us pow'r to Love.

High on a shining seat with rubies grac'd,
Cupid, the God of am'rous thoughts, was plac'd.
Bent was his bow, and in his hand a dart 130
He held, on which was fixt a bleeding heart ;
Around his throne unnumber'd crouds attend,
And to the God in awful rev'rence bend.
Their pray'rs with mingl'd sighs they loud prefer'd,
Like rolling thunder from a distance heard. 135

Around, as trophies, bows were cast unstrung,
And useless now, the empty quivers hung.
Once by bright Nymphs these shining arms were borne,
Who strict to keep *Diana's* law had sworn.

O N V A R I O U S S U B J E C T S. 89

In vain the Goddess call'd, the desert Grove
 They left, and sped to taste the sweets of Love.
 The shining wall with tales was painted o'er,
 Of those who bow'd to Love's almighty pow'r.

140

In a fair Grove, which near the Temple stood,
 Thro' which there gently roll'd a murmur'ring flood; 145
 Rais'd on a bank, with fragrant flow'r's made gay,
 Great NATURE sat, whose laws we all obey.
 (As Summer's sun the Stars in light excel,
 So she surpasses all that tongue can tell.)
 Around the Dame the Birds assembl'd all,
 For 'twas *St. Valentine's* great festival.
 Each to select his mate did now appear,
 So ancient custom fix'd from year to year.

150

The highest seats the Birds of prey did grace,
 Who fed on worms enjoy'd the second place;
 While those who humbler fed on seeds were seen,
 Unnumber'd spread along th' enamel'd green. 155

And here might men the royal Eagle find,
 With other Eagles of a lower kind;
 The gentle Falcon, and the Popinjay,
 And Peacock in his angel-feathers gay;
 The jealous Swan, the scornful Jay and Stare,
 The boding Owl, and Crow with voice of care;

160

The Chough to thiev'ry prone, the chatt'ring Pye,
And the false Lapwing full of treachery.

165

The Sparrow, Venus' son, the Nightingale,
And Swallow, Murtherer of the bees so small;
The Pheasant, Scornful of the Cock by night,
With the tame Ruddock, and the coward Kite.

170

The Cuckoo still unkind, the Crane, the Geant,
The wakeful Goose, and glutton Cormorant;
The wedded Turtle, and the Gooseshawke rare,
The Throstle old, and the frosty Fieldfare.
With numbers more, whose names I shall not tell,
Who in shrill notes, or gaudy dress excel.

175

—Left unfinished—



THE

THE
PRINCE OF PARTHIA,
A TRAGEDY.

BY JAMES BURTON

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Artabanus, King of Parthia.

Arsaces,
Vardanes, } his Sons.
Gotarzes,

Barzaphernes, Lieutenant-General, under Arsaces.

Lyfias, } Officers at Court.
Phraates,

Bethas, a Noble Captive.

WOMEN.

Thermusa, the Queen.

Evanthe, belov'd by Arsaces.

Cleone, her Confident.

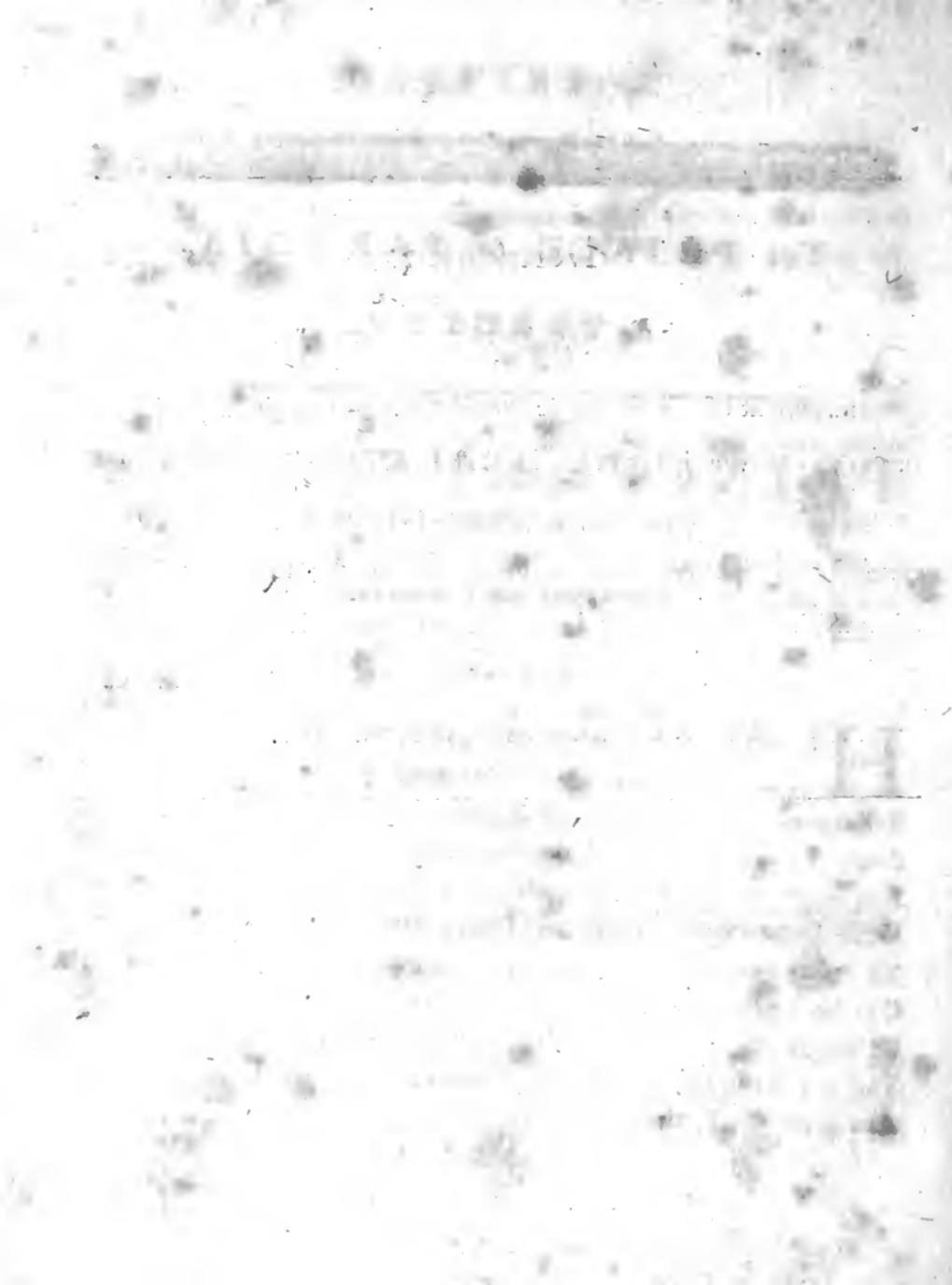
Edeffa, Attendant on the Queen.

Guards and Attendants.

Scene, CTESIPHON.

Advertisement.

OUR Author has made Use of the *licentia poetica* in the Management of this Dramatic Piece; and deviates, in a particular or two, from what is agreed on by Historians: The Queen *Thermusa* being not the Wife of King *Artabanus*, but (according to *Tacitus, Strabo and Josephus*) of *Phraates*; *Artabanus* being the fourth King of *Parthia* after him. Such Lapses are not unprecedented among the Poets; and will the more readily admit of an Excuse, when the Voice of History is followed in the Description of Characters.





THE PRINCE OF PARTHIA,
A TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Temple of the Sun.

GOTARZES and PHRAATES.

GOTARZES.

HE comes, *Arsaces* comes, my gallant Brother
(Like shining Mars in all the pomp of conquest)
Triumphant enters now our joyful gates;
Bright Victory waits on his glitt'ring car,
And shows her fav'rite to the wond'ring crowd;
While Fame exulting sounds the happy name
To realms remote, and bids the world admire.
Oh! 'tis a glorious day:—let none presume
T' indulge the tear, or wear the gloom of sorrow;
This day shall shine in Ages yet to come,
And grace the PARTHIAN story.

PHRAATES.

PHRAATES.

Glad *Ctesphon*

Pours forth her numbers, like a rolling deluge,
 To meet the blooming Hero; all the ways,
 On either side, as far as sight can stretch,
 Are lin'd with crouds, and on the lofty walls
 Innumerable multitudes are rang'd.
 On ev'ry countenance impatience fate
 With roving eye, before the train appear'd.
 But when they saw the Darling of the Fates,
 They rent the air with loud repeated shouts;
 The Mother show'd him to her infant Son,
 And taught his lisping tongue to name *Arsaces*:
 E'en aged Sires, whose sounds are scarcely heard,
 By feeble strength supported, tost their caps,
 And gave their murmur to the gen'ral voice.

GOTARZES.

The spacious streets, which lead up to the Temple,
 Are strew'd with flow'r's; each, with frantic joy,
 His garland forms, and throws it in the way.
 What pleasure, *Pbraates*, must swell his bosom,
 So see the prostrate nation all around him,
 And know he's made them happy! to hear them
 Tease the Gods, to show'r their blessings on him!
 Happy *Arsaces*! fain I'd imitate
 Thy matchless worth, and be a shining joy!

PHRAATES.

Hark! what a shout was that which pierc'd the skies!
 It seem'd as tho' all Nature's beings join'd,
 To hail thy glorious Brother.

GOTARZES.

Happy *Parthia!*

Now proud *Arabia* dreads her destin'd chains,
 While shame and rout disperses all her sons.
Barzaphernes pursues the fugitives,
 The few whom fav'ring Night redeem'd from slaughter;
 Swiftly they fled, for fear had wing'd their speed,
 And made them bless the shade which safty gave.

PHRAATES.

What a bright hope is ours, when those dread pow'rs
 Who rule yon heav'n, and guide the mov'ments here,
 Shall call your royal Father to their joys:
 In blest *Arsaces* ev'ry virtue meets;
 He's gen'rous, brave, and wise, and good,
 Has skill to act, and noble fortitude
 To face bold danger, in the battle firm,
 And dauntless as a Lion fronts his foe.
 Yet is he sway'd by ev'ry tender passion,
 Forgiving mercy, gentleness and love;
 Which speak the Hero friend of humankind.

GOTARZES.

And let me speak, for 'tis to him I owe
 That here I stand, and breath the common air,
 And 'tis my pride to tell it to the world.
 One luckless day as in the eager chace
 My Courser wildly bore me from the rest,
 A monst'rous Leopard from a bosky fen
 Rush'd forth, and foaming lash'd the ground,
 And fiercely ey'd me as his destin'd quarry.
 My jav'lin swift I threw, but o'er his head
 It erring pass'd, and harmless in the air
 Spent all its force; my falchin then I seiz'd,
 Advancing to attack my ireful foe,
 When furiously the savage sprung upon me,
 And tore me to the ground; my treach'rous blade
 Above my hand snap'd short, and left me quite
 Defenceless to his rage; *Arfaces* then,
 Hearing the din, flew like some pitying pow'r,
 And quickly freed me from the Monster's paws,
 Drenching his bright lance in his spotted breast.

PHRAATES.

How diff'rent he from arrogant *Vardanes*?
 That haughty Prince eyes with a stern contempt
 All other Mortals, and with lofty mien
 He treads the earth as tho' he were a God.
 Nay, I believe that his ambitious soul,
 Had it but pow'r to its licentious wishes,

Would

Would dare dispute with Jove the rule of heav'n;
 Like a Titanian son with giant insolence,
 Match with the Gods, and wage immortal war,
 'Til their red wrath should hurl him headlong down,
 E'en to destruction's lowest pit of horror.

GOTARZES.

Methinks he wears not that becoming joy
 Which on this bright occasion gilds the court;
 His brow's contracted with a gloomy frown,
 Pensive he stalks along, and seems a prey
 To pining discontent.

PHRAATES.

Arsaces he dislikes,
 For standing 'twixt him, and the hope of Empire;
 While Envy, like a rav'ous Vulture tears
 His canker'd heart, to see your Brother's triumph.

GOTARZES.

And yet *Vardanes* owes that hated Brother
 As much as I; 'twas summer last, as we
 Were bathing in *Euphrates'* flood, *Vardanes*
 Proud of strength would seek the further shore;
 But 'ere he the mid-stream gain'd, a poignant pain
 Shot thro' his well-strung nerves, contracting all,
 And the stiff joints refus'd their wonted aid.

Loudly he cry'd for help, *Arsaces* heard,
 And thro' the swelling waves he rush'd to save
 His drowning Brother, and gave him life,
 And for the boon the Ingrate pays him hate.

PHRAATES.

There's something in the wind, for I've observ'd
 Of late he much frequents the Queen's apartment,
 And fain would court her favour, wild is she
 To gain revenge for fell *Vonones'* death,
 And firm resolves the ruin of *Arsaces*.
 Because that fill'd with filial piety,
 To save his Royal Sire, he struck the bold
 Presumptuous Traitor dead ; nor heeds she
 The hand which gave her Liberty, nay rais'd her
 Again to Royalty.

GOTARZES.

Ingratitude,
 Thou hell-born fiend, how horrid is thy form !
 The Gods sure let thee loose to scourge mankind,
 And save them from an endless waste of thunder.

PHRAATES.

Yet I've beheld this now so haughty Queen;
 Bent with distress, and e'en by pride forsook,
 When following thy Sire's triumphant car,
 Her tears and ravings mov'd the senseless herd,

And

And pity blest their more than savage breasts,
 With the short pleasure of a moments softness.
 Thy Father, conquer'd by her charms, (for what
 Can charm like mourning beauty) soon struck off
 Her chains, and rais'd her to his bed and throne.
 Adorn'd the brows of her aspiring Son,
 The fierce *Vonones*, with the regal crown
 Of rich *Armenia*, once the happy rule
 Of *Tisaphernes*, her deceased Lord.

GOTARZES.

And he in wasteful war return'd his thanks,
 Refus'd the homage he had sworn to pay,
 And spread Destruction ev'ry where around,
 'Til from *Arsaces* hand he met the fate
 His crimes deserv'd.

PHRAATES.

As yet your princely Brother
 Has scap'd *Thermusa*'s rage, for still residing
 In peaceful times, within his Province, ne'er
 Has fortune blest her with a sight of him,
 On whom she'd wreck her vengeance.

GOTARZES.

She has won
 By spells, I think, so much on my fond father,
 That he is guided by her will alone.

She

She rules the realm, her pleasure is a law,
 All offices and favours are bestow'd,
 As she directs.

PHRAATES.

But see, the Prince, *Vardanes*;
 Proud *Lyrias* with him, he whose soul is harsh
 With jarring discord. Nought but madding rage,
 And ruffian-like revenge his breast can know,
 Indeed to gain a point he'll condescend
 To mask the native rancour of his heart,
 And smooth his venom'd tongue with flattery.
 Affiduous now he courts *Vardanes'* friendship,
 See, how he seems to answer all his gloom,
 And give him frown for frown.

GOTARZES.

Let us retire,
 And shun them now; I know not what it means,
 But chilling horror shivers o'er my limbs,
 When *Lyrias* I behold.—



SCENE II.

VARDANES and LYSIAS.

LYSIAS.

That shout proclaims

Arses near approach.

[Shout.]

VARDANES.

Peace, prithee peace,

Wilt thou still shock me with that hated sound,

And grate harsh discord in my offended ear?

If thou art fond of echoing the name,

Join with the servile croud, and hail his triumph.

LYSIAS.

I hail him? By our glorious shining God,

I'd sooner lose my speech, and all my days

In silence rest, conversing with my thoughts,

Than hail *Arses*.

VARDANES.

Yet, again his name,

Sure there is magic in it, PARTHIA's drunk

And giddy with the joy; the houses tops

With gaping spectators are throng'd, nay wild

They climb such precipices that the eye

Is dazzl'd with their daring; ev'ry wretch

Who

Who long has been immur'd, nor dar'd enjoy
 The common benefits of sun and air,
 Creeps from his lurking place; e'en feeble age,
 Long to the sickly couch confin'd, stalks forth,
 And with infectious breath assails the Gods.
 O ! curse the name, the idol of their joy.

LYSIAS.

And what's that name, that thus they should disturb
 The ambient air, and weary gracious heav'n
 With ceaseless bellowings? *Vardanes* sounds
 With equal harmony, and suits as well
 The loud repeated shouts of noisy joy.
 Can he bid Chaos Nature's rule dissolve,
 Can he deprive mankind of light and day,
 And turn the Seasons from their destin'd course?
 Say, can he do all this, and be a God?
 If not, what is his matchless merit? What dares he,
Vardanes dares not? blush not noble prince,
 For praise is merit's due, and I will give it;
 E'en mid the croud which waits thy Brother's smile,
 I'd loud proclaim the merit of *Vardanes*.

VARDANES.

Forbear this warmth, your friendship urges far.
 Yet know your love shall e'er retain a place
 In my remembrance. There is something here—

{ pointing to
 { his breast.

Another

Another time and I will give thee all;
But now, no more.—

LYSIAS.

You may command my service,
I'm happy to obey. Of late your Brother
Delights in hind'ring my advancement,
And ev'ry boaster's rais'd above my merit,
Barzaphernes alone commands his ear,
His oracle in all.

VARDANES.

I hate *Arfaces*,
Tho' he's my Mother's son, and churchmen say
There's something sacred in the name of Brother.
My soul endures him not, and he's the bane
Of all my hopes of greatness. Like the sun
He rules the day, and like the night's pale Queen,
My fainter beams are lost when he appears.
And this because he came into the world,
A moon or two before me: What's the diff'rence,
That he alone should shine in Empire's seat?
I am not apt to trumpet forth my praise,
Or highly name myself, but this I'll speak,
To him in ought, I'm not the least inferior.
Ambition, glorious fever! mark of Kings,
Gave me immortal thirst and rule of Empire.

Why lag'd my tardy soul, why droop'd the wing,
 Nor forward springing, shot before his speed
 To seize the prize?—'Twas Empire—Oh! 'twas Empire—

LYSIAS.

Yet, I must think that of superior mould
 Your soul was form'd, fit for a heav'nly state,
 And left reluctant its sublime abode,
 And painfully obey'd the dread command,
 When Jove's controuling fate forc'd it below.
 His soul was earthly, and it downward mov'd,
 Swift as to the center of attraction.

VARDANES.

It might be so— But I've another cause
 To hate this Brother, ev'ry way my rival;
 In love as well as glory he's above me;
 I dote on fair *Evanthe*, but the charmer
 Disdains my ardent suit, like a miser
 He treasures up her beauties to himself:
 Thus is he form'd to give me torture ever.—
 But hark, they 've reach'd the Temple,
 Didst thou observe the croud, their eagerneſs,
 Each put the next aside to catch a look,
 Himself was elbow'd out?—Curſe, curse their zeal—

LYSIAS.

Stupid folly!

VARDANES.

VARDANES.

I'll tell thee *Lysias*,

This many-headed monster multitude,
Unsteady is as giddy fortune's wheel,
As woman fickle, varying as the wind;
To day they this way course, the next they veer,
And shift another point, the next another.

LYSIAS.

Curiosity's another name for man,
The blazing meteor streaming thro' the air
Commands our wonder, and admiring eyes,
With eager gaze we trace the lucent path,
'Til spent at length it shrinks to native nothing,
While the bright stars which ever steady glow,
Unheeded shine, and bless the world below.

SEN E III.

QUEEN and EDESSA.

QUEEN.

Oh! give me way, the haughty victor comes,
Surrounded by adoring multitudes;
On swelling tides of praise to heav'n they raise him,
To deck their idol, they rob the glorious beings
Of their splendor.

EDESSA.

My royal Lady,

Chace hence these passions.

QUEEN.

Peace, forever peace,

Have I not cause to hate this homicide ?

'Twas by his cursed hand *Vonones* fell,

Yet fell not as became his gallant spirit,

Not by the warlike arm of chief renown'd,

But by a youth, ye Gods, a beardless stripling,

Stab'd by his dastard falchin from behind;

For well I know he fear'd to meet *Vonones*,

As princely warriors meet with open daring,

But shrunk amidst his guards, and gave him death,

When faint with wounds, and weary with the fight.

EDESSA.

With anguish I have heard his hapless fate,

And mourn'd in silence for the gallant Prince.

QUEEN.

Soft is thy nature, but alas! *Edeffa*,

Thy heart's a stranger to a mother's sorrows,

To see the pride of all her wishes blasted;

Thy fancy cannot paint the storm of grief,

Despair and anguish, which my breast has known.

Oh!

Oh ! shew'r, ye Gods, your torments on *Arsaces*,
Curs'd be the morn which dawn'd upon his birth.

EDESSA.

Yet, I intreat——

QUEEN.

Away ! for I will curse——

O may he never know a father's fondness,
Or know it to his sorrow, may his hopes
Of joy be cut like mine, and his short life
Be one continu'd tempest ; if he lives,
Let him be curs'd with jealousy and fear,
And vext with anguish of neglecting scorn ;
May tort'ring hope present the flowing cup,
Then hasty snatch it from his eager thirst,
And when he dies base treach'ry be the means.

EDESSA.

Oh ! calm your spirits.

QUEEN.

Yes, I'll now be calm,
Calm as the sea when the rude waves are laid,
And nothing but a gentle swell remains ;
My curse is heard, and I shall have revenge :
There's something here which tells me 'twill be so,
And peace resumes her empire o'er my breast.

Vardanes

Vardanes is the Minister of Vengeance;
 Fir'd by ambition, he aspiring seeks
 T' adorn his brows with *Parthia's* diadem;
 I've fann'd the fire, and wrought him up to fury,
 Envy shall urge him forward still to dare,
 And discord be the prelude to destruction,
 Then this detested race shall feel my hate.

EDESSA.

And doth thy hatred then extend so far,
 That innocent and guilty all alike
 Must feel thy dreadful vengeance?

QUEEN.

Ah! *Edeffa*,
 Thou dost not know e'en half my mighty wrongs,
 But in thy bosom I will pour my sorrows.

EDESSA.

With secrecy I ever have repaid
 Your confidence.

QUEEN.

I know thou hast, then hear,
 The changeling King who oft has kneel'd before me,
 And own'd no other pow'r, now treats me
 With ill dissembl'd love mix'd with disdain.
 A newer beauty rules his faithless heart,

Which

Which only in variety is blest;
 Oft have I heard him, when wrapt up in sleep,
 And wanton fancy rais'd the mimic scene,
 Call with unusual fondness on *Euzelie,*
 While I have lain neglected by his side,
 Except sometimes in a mistaken rapture
 He'd clasp me to his bosom.

EDESSA.

Oh! Madam,
 Let not corroding jealousy usurp
 Your Royal breast, unnumber'd ills attend
 The wretch who entertains that fatal guest.

QUEEN.

Think not that I'll pursue its wandering fires,
 No more I'll know perplexing doubts and fears,
 And erring trace suspicion's endless maze,
 For, ah! I doubt no more.

EDESSA.

Their shouts approach.

QUEEN.

Lead me, *Edeffa*, to some peaceful gloom,
 Some silent shade far from the walks of men,
 There shall the hop'd revenge my thoughts employ,
 And sooth my sorrows with the coming joy.

SCENE IV.

EVANTHE and CLEONE.

EVANTHE.

No I'll not meet him now, for love delights
In the soft pleasures of the secret shade,
And shuns the noise and tumult of the crowd.
How tedious are the hours which bring him
To my fond panting heart! for oh! to those
Who live in expectation of the bliss,
Time slowly creeps, and ev'ry tardy minute
Seems mocking of their wishes. Say, *Cleone*,
For you beheld the triumph, midst his pomp,
Did he not seem to curse the empty show,
The pageant greatness, enemy to love,
Which held him from *Evanthe*? haste, to tell me,
And feed my greedy ear with the fond tale—
Yet, hold—for I shall weary you with questions,
And ne'er be satisfied—Beware, *Cleone*,
And guard your heart from Love's delusive sweets.

CLEONE.

Is Love an ill, that thus you caution me
To shun his pow'r?

EVANTHE.

EVANTHE.

The Tyrant, my *Cleone*,
 Despotic rules, and fetters all our thoughts.
 Oh! wouldst thou love, then bid adieu to peace,
 Then fears will come, and jealousies intrude,
 Ravage your bosom, and disturb your quiet,
 E'en pleasure to excess will be a pain.
 Once I was free, then my exulting heart
 Was like a bird that hops from spray to spray,
 And all was innocence and mirth; but, lo!
 The Fowler came, and by his arts decoy'd,
 And soon the Wanton cag'd. Twice fifteen times
 Has *Cynthia* dipt her horns in beams of light,
 Twice fifteen times has wasted all her brightness,
 Since first I knew to love; 'twas on that day
 When curs'd *Vonones* fell upon the plain,
 The lovely Victor doubly conquer'd me.

CLEONE.

Forgive my boldness, Madam, if I ask
 What chance first gave you to *Vonones'* pow'r?
 Curiosity thou know'st is of our sex.

EVANTHE.

That is a task will wake me to new sorrows,
 Yet thou attend, and I will tell thee all.
Arabia gave me birth, my father held
 Great Offices at Court, and was reputed

Brave, wise and loyal, by his Prince belov'd.
 Oft has he led his conqu'ring troops, and forc'd
 From frowning victory her awful honours.
 In infancy I was his only treasure,
 On me he wasted all his store of fondness.
 Oh! I could tell thee of his wond'rous goodness,
 His more than father's love and tenderness.
 But thou wouldst jeer, and say the tale was trifling;
 So did he dote upon me, for in childhood
 My infant charms, and artless innocence
 Blest his fond age, and won on ev'ry heart.
 But, oh ! from this sprung ev'ry future ill,
 This fatal beauty was the source of all.

CLEONE.

'Tis often so, for beauty is a flow'r
 That tempts the hand to pluck it.

EVANTHE.

Full three times
 Has scorching summer fled from cold winter's
 Ruthless blasts, as oft again has spring
 In sprightly youth drest nature in her beauties,
 Since bathing in * *Niphates'* silver stream,
 Attended only by one fav'rite maid;
 As we were sporting on the wanton waves,
 Swift from the wood a troop of horsemen rush'd,
 Rudely they seiz'd, and bore me trembling off,

In vain *Edeffa* with her shrieks affil'd
 The heav'ns, for heav'n was deaf to both our pray'rs.
 The wretch whose insolent embrace confin'd me,
 (Like thunder bursting on the guilty soul)
 With curs'd *Vonones* voice pour'd in my ears
 A hateful tale of love; for he it seems
 Had seen me at Arabia's royal court,
 And took those means to force me to his arms.

CLEONE.

Perhaps you may gain something from the Captives
 Of your lost Parents.

EVANTHE.

This I mean to try,
 Soon as the night hides Nature in her darknes,
 Veil'd in the gloom we'll steal into their prison.
 But, oh! perhaps e'en now my aged Sire
 May 'mongst the slain lie weltring on the field;
 Pierc'd like a riddle through with num'rous wounds,
 While parting life is quiv'ring on his lips,
 He may perhaps be calling on his *Evanthe*.
 Yes, ye great Pow'r's who boast the name of mercy,
 Ye have deny'd me to his latest moments,
 To all the offices of filial duty,
 To bind his wounds, and wash them with my tears,
 Is this, is this your mercy?

THE P R I N C E

CLEONE.

Blame not heav'n,
 For heav'n is just and kind; dear Lady drive
 These black ideas from your gentle breast;
 Fancy delights to torture the distress'd,
 And fill the gloomy scene with shadowy ills,
 Summon your reason, and you'll soon have comfort.

EVANTHE.

Dost thou name comfort to me, my *Cleone*,
 Thou who know'st all my sorrows? plead no more,
 'Tis reason tells me I am doubly wretched.

CLEONE.

But hark, the music strikes, the rites begin,
 And, see, the doors are op'ning.

EVANTHE.

Let's retire;
 My heart is now too full to meet him here,
 Fly swift ye hours, till in his arms I'm prest,
 And each intruding care is hush'd to rest.



SCENE

S C E N E V.

The Scene draws and discovers, in the inner Part of the Temple, a large Image of the Sun, with an Altar before it. Around Priests and Attendants.

KING, ARSACES, VARDANES, GOTARZES, PHRAATES, LYSIAS,
with BETHAS in chains.

H Y M N.

Parent of Light, to thee belong
Our grateful tributary songs;
Each thankful voice to thee shall rise,
And chearful pierce the azure skies;
While in thy praise all earth combines,
And Echo in the Chorus joins.

All the gay pride of blooming May,
The Lily fair and blushing Rose,
To thee their early honours pay,
And all their heav'nly sweets disclose.
The feather'd Choir on ev'ry tree
To hail thy glorious dawn repair,
While the sweet sons of harmony
With Hallelujah's fill the air.

'Tis thou hast brac'd the Hero's arm,
 And giv'n the Love of praise to warm
 His bosom, as he onward flies,
 And for his Country bravely dies.
 Thine's victory, and from thee springs
 Ambition's fire, which glows in Kings.

KING (coming forward.)

Thus, to the Gods our tributary songs,
 And now, oh! let me welcome once again
 My blooming victor to his Father's arms;
 And let me thank thee for our safety: PARTHIA
 Shall thank thee too, and give her grateful praise
 To her Deliverer.

OMNES.

All hail! *Arsaces!*

KING.

Thanks to my loyal friends.

VARDANES.

[A side.]

Curse, curse the sound,
 E'en Echo gives it back with int'rest,
 The joyful gales swell with the pleasing theme,
 And waft it far away to distant hills.
 O that my breath was poison, then indeed
 I'd hail him like the rest, but blast him too.

ARSACES.

ARSACES.

My Royal Sire, these honours are unmerited,
 Beneath your prosp'rous auspices I fought,
 Bright vict'ry to your banners joyful flew,
 And favour'd for the Sire the happy son.
 But lenity should grace the victor's laurels,
 Then, here, my gracious Father—

KING.

Ha! 'tis *Bethas!*

Know'st thou, vain wretch, what fate attends on those
 Who dare oppose the pow'r of mighty Kings,
 Whom heav'n delights to favour? sure some God
 Who sought to punish you for impious deeds,
 'Twas urg'd you forward to insult our arms,
 And brave us at our Royal City's gates.

BETHAS.

At honour's call, and at my King's command,
 Tho' it were even with my single arm, again
 I'd brave the multitude, which, like a deluge,
 O'erwhelm'd my gallant handful; yea: wou'd meet
 Undaunted, all the fury of the torrent.
 'Tis honour is the guide of all my actions,
 The ruling star by which I steer thro' life,
 And shun the shelves of infamy and vice.

KING.

KING.

It was the thirst of gain which drew you on;
 'Tis thus that Av'rice always cloaks its views,
 Th' ambition of your Prince you gladly snatch'd
 As opportunity to fill your coffers.

It was the plunder of our palaces,
 And of our wealthy cities, fill'd your dreams,
 And urg'd you on your way; but you have met
 The due reward of your audacity.

Now shake your chains, shake and delight your ears
 With the soft music of your golden fetters.

BETHAS.

True, I am fall'n, but glorious was my fall,
 The day was brav'ly fought, we did our best,
 But victory's of heav'n. Look o'er yon field,
 See if thou findest one *Arabian* back
 Disfigur'd with dishonourable wounds.

No, here, deep on their bosoms, are engrav'd
 The marks of honour! 'twas thro' here their souls
 Flew to their blissful seats. Oh! why did I
 Survive the fatal day? To be this slave,
 To be the gaze and sport of vulgar crouds,
 Thus like a shackl'd tyger stalk my round,
 And grimly low'r upon the shouting herd.
 Ye Gods!—

KING.

KING.

Away with him to instant death.

ARSACES.

Hear me, my Lord, O, not on this bright day,
 Let not this day of joy blush with his blood.
 Nor count his steady loyalty a crime,
 But give him life, *Arsaces* humbly asks it,
 And may you e'er be serv'd with honest hearts.

KING.

Well, be it so; hence, bear him to his dungeon;
Lysias, we here commit him to thy charge.

BETHAS.

Welcome my dungeon, but more welcome death.
 Trust not too much, vain Monarch, to your pow'r,
 Know fortune places all her choicest gifts
 On ticklish heights, they shake with ev'ry breeze,
 And oft some rude wind hurls them to the ground.
 Jove's thunder strikes the lofty palaces,
 While the low cottage, in humility,
 Securely stands, and sees the mighty ruin.
 What King can boast, to mørrow as to day,
 Thus, happy will I reign? The rising sun
 May view him seated on a splendid throne,
 And, setting, see him shake the servile chain.

[Exit guarded.

Q

SCENE

SCENE VI.

KING, ARSACES, VARDANES, GOTARZES, PHRAATES.

GOTARZES.

Thus let me hail thee from the croud distin&t,
For in the exulting voice of gen'ral joy
My fainter sounds were lost, believe me, Brother,
My soul dilates with joy to see thee thus.

ARSACES.

Thus let me thank thee in this fond embrace.

VARDANES.

The next will be my turn, Gods, I had rather
Be circl'd in a venom'd serpent's fold.

GOTARZES.

O, my lov'd Brother, 'tis my humble boon,
That, when the war next calls you to the field,
I may attend you in the rage of battle.
By imitating thy heroic deeds,
Perhaps, I may rise to some little worth,
Beneath thy care I'll try my feeble wings,
Till taught by thee to soar to nobler heights.

KING.

KING

Why that's my boy, thy spirit speaks thy birth,
 No more I'll turn thee from the road to glory,
 To rust in slothfulness, with lazy Gowansmen.

GOTARZES.

Thanks, to my Sire, I'm now completely blest;

ARSACES.

But, I've another Brother, where's *Vardanes*?

KING.

Ha! what, methinks, he lurks behind the croud,
 And wears a gloom which suits not with the time.

VARDANES.

Doubt not my Love, tho' I lack eloquence,
 To dress my sentiments and catch the ear,
 Tho' plain my manners, and my language rude,
 My honest heart despairs to wear disguise.
 Then think not I am slothful in the race,
 Or, that my Brother springs before my Love.

ARSACES.

Far be suspicion from me.

VARDANES.

So, 'tis done,
 Thanks to dissembling, all is well again.

Q 2

KING

KING.

Now let us, forward, to the Temple go,
And let, with cheerful wine, the goblets flow;
Let blink-ey'd Jollity his aid afford,
To crown our triumph, round the festive board:
But, let the wretch, whose soul can know a care,
Far from our joys, to some lone shade repair,
In secrecy, there let him e'er remain,
Brood o'er his gloom, and still increase his pain.

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

MILITARY DRAMA IN FIVE

ACT II. SCENE I.

A PRISON.

LYSIAS, alone.

THE Sun set frowning, and refreshing Eve
Lost all its sweets, obscur'd in double gloom.
This night shall sleep be stranger to these eyes,
Peace dwells not here, and slumber flies the shock;
My spirits, like the elements, are waring,
And mock the tempest with a kindred rage——
I, who can joy in nothing, but revenge,
Know not those boasted ties of Love and Friendship;
Vardanes I regard, but as he gives me
Some hopes of vengeance on the Prince *Arfacs*——
But, ha! he comes, wak'd by the angry storm,
'Tis to my wish, thus would I form designs,
Horror should breed beneath the veil of horror,
And darkness aid conspiracies——He's here——

SCENE

THE PRINCE

SCENE II.

VARDANES and LYSIAS.

LYSIAS.

Welcome, my noble Prince.

VARDANES.

Thanks, gentle friend ;
 Heav'ns! what a night is this !

LYSIAS.

'Tis fill'd with terror ; .
 Some dread event beneath this horror lurks,
 Ordain'd by fate's irrevocable doom ;
 Perhaps *Arsaces'* fall—and angry heav'n
 Speaks it, in thunder, to the trembling world.

VARDANES.

Terror indeed ! it seems as sick'ning Nature
 Had giv'n her order up to gen'ral ruin ;
 The Heav'ns appear as one continu'd flame,
 Earth with her terror shakes, dim night retires,
 And the red lightning gives a dreadful day,
 While in the thunder's voice each sound is lost ;
 Fear sinks the panting heart in ev'ry bosom,
 E'en the pale dead, affrighted at the horror,

As tho' unsafe, start from their marble goals,
And howling thro' the streets are seeking shelter.

LYSIAS.

I saw a flash stream thro' the angry clouds,
And bend its course to where a stately pine
Behind the garden stood, quickly it feiz'd,
And wrapt it in a fiery fold, the trunk
Was shiver'd into atoms, and the branches
Off were lopt, and wildly scatter'd round.

VARDANES.

Why rage the elements, they are not curs'd
Like me? *Evanthe* frowns not angry on them,
The wind may play upon her beauteous bosom
Nor fear her chiding, light can bless her sense,
And in the floating mirror she beholds
Those beauties which can fetter all mankind.
Earth gives her joy, she plucks the fragrant rose,
Pleas'd takes its sweets, and gazes on its bloom.

LYSIAS

My Lord, forget her, tear her from your breast.
Who, like the *Phœnix*, gazes on the sun,
And strives to soar up to the glorious blaze,
Should never leave Ambition's brightest object,
To turn, and view the beauties of a flow'r.

VARDANES.

VARDANES.

O, *Lysias*, chide no more, for, I have done.
 Yes, I'll forget this proud disdainful beauty;
 Hence, with, vain love—Ambition, now, alone,
 Shall guide my actions, since mankind delights
 To give me pain, I'll study mischief too,
 And shake the earth, e'en like this raging tempest.

LYSIAS.

A night like this, so dreadful to behold,
 Since my remembrance's birth, I never saw.

VARDANES.

E'en such a night, dreadful as this, they say,
 My teeming Mother gave me to the world.
 Whence by those sages who, in knowledge rich,
 Can pry into futurity, and tell
 What distant ages will produce of wonder,
 My days were deem'd to be a hurricane;
 My early life prov'd their prediction false;
 Beneath a sky serene my voyage began,
 But, to this long uninterrupted calm,
 Storms shall succeed.

LYSIAS.

Then hasten, to raise the tempest;
 My soul disdains this one eternal round,
 Where each succeeding day is like the former.

Trust me, my noble Prince, here is a heart
 Steady and firm to all your purposes,
 And here's a hand that knows to execute
 Whate'er designs thy daring breast can form,
 Nor ever shake with fear.

VARDANES.

And I will use it,
 Come to my bosom, let me place thee here,
 How happy am I clasping so much virtue!
 Now, by the light, it is my firm belief,
 One mighty soul in common swells our bosoms,
 Such sameness can't be match'd in diff'rent beings.

LYSIAS.

Your confidence, my Lord, much honours me,
 And when I act unworthy of your love
 May I be hooted from Society,
 As tho' disgraceful to the human kind,
 And driv'n to herd among the savage race.

VARDANES.

Believe me, *Lysias*, I do not know
 A single thought which tends toward suspicion,
 For well I know thy worth, when I affront it,
 By the least doubt, may I be ever curs'd
 With faithless friends, and by his dagger fall
 Whom my deluded wishes most would favour.

THE PRINCE

LYSIAS.

Then let's no longer trifle time away,
 I'm all impatience tell I see thy brows
 Bright in the glories of a diadem ;
 My soul is fill'd with anguish when I think
 That by weak Princes worn, 'tis thus disgrac'd.
 Haste, mount the throne, and, like the morning Sun,
 Chace with your piercing beams those mists away,
 Which dim the glory of the *Partbian* state :
 Each honest heart desires it, numbers there are
 Ready to join you, and support your cause,
 Against th' opposing faction.

VARDANES.

Sure some God,
 Bid you thus call me to my dawning honours,
 And joyful I obey the pleasing summons.
 Now by the pow'rs of heav'n, of earth and hell,
 Most solemnly I swear, I will not know
 That quietude which I was wont to know,
 'Til I have climb'd the height of all my wishes,
 Or fell, from glory, to the silent grave.

LYSIAS.

Nobly resolv'd, and spoken like *Vardanes*,
 There shone my Prince in his superior lustre.

VARDANES.

But, then, *Arsaces*, he's a fatal bar—
 O ! could I brush this busy insect from me,
 Which envious strives to rob me of my bloom,
 Then might I, like some fragrant op'ning flow'r,
 Spread all my beauties in the face of day.
 Ye Gods ! why did ye give me such a soul,
 (A soul, which ev'ry way is form'd for Empire)
 And damn me with a younger Brother's fight?
 The diadem would set as well on mine,
 As on the brows of any lordly He ;
 Nor is this hand weak to enforce command,
 And shall I steal into my grave, and give
 My name up to oblivion, to be thrown
 Among the common rubbish of the times ?
 No : Perish first, this happy hated Brother.

LYSIAS.

I always wear a dagger, for your service,
 I need not speak the rest—
 When humbly I intreated of your Brother
 T'attend him as Lieutenant in this war,
 Frowning contempt, he haughtily reply'd,
 He entertain'd not Traitors in his service.
 True, I betray'd *Orodes*, but with cause,
 He struck me, like a sorry abject slave,
 And still withheld from giving what he'd promis'd.
 Fear not *Arsaces*, believe me, he shall

Soon his *Quietus* have—But, see, he comes,—
 What can this mean? Why at this lonely hour,
 And unattended?—Ha! 'tis opportune—
 I'll in, and stab him now. I heed not what
 The danger is, so I but have revenge,
 Then heap perdition on me.

VARDANES.

Hold, awhile—

'Twould be better could we undermine him,
 And make him fall by *Artabanus'* doom.

LYSIAS.

Well, be it so—

VARDANES.

But let us now retire,
 We must not be observ'd together here.

S C E N E III.

ARSACES, alone.

'Tis here that hapless *Bethas* is confin'd;
 He who, but yesterday, like angry Jove,
 When punishing the crimes of guilty men,
 Spread death and desolation all around,
 While PARTHIA trembl'd at his name; is now

Unfriended

Unfriended and forlorn; and counts the hours,
 Wrapt in the gloomy horrors of a goal.—
 How dark, and hidden, are the turns of fate!
 His rigid fortune moves me to compassion.
 O! 'tis a heav'ly virtue when the heart
 Can feel the sorrows of another's bosom,
 It dignifies the man: The stupid wretch
 Who knows not this sensation, is an image,
 And wants the feeling to make up a life—
 I'll in, and give my aid to sooth his sorrows.

SCENE IV.

VARDANES and LYSIAS.

LYSIAS.

Let us observe with care, something we, yet,
 May gather, to give to us the vantage;
 No matter what's the intent.

VARDANES.

How easy 'tis

To cheat this busy, tattling, censuring world!
 For fame still names our actions, good or bad,
 As introduc'd by chance, which oftentimes throws
 Wrong lights on objects; vice she dresses up

In

In the bright form, and goodliness, of virtue,
 While virtue languishes, and pines neglected,
 Rob'd of her lustre—But, let's forward *Lysias*—
 Thou know'st each turn in this thy dreary rule,
 Then lead me to some secret stand, from whence,
 Unnotic'd, all their actions we may view.

LYSIAS.

Here, take your stand behind—See, *Bethas* comes.

[They retire.]

SCENE V.

BETHAS, alone.

To think on Death, in gloomy solitude,
 In dungeons and in chains, when expectation
 Join'd with serious thought describe him to us,
 His height'n'd terrors strike upon the soul
 With awful dread; imagination rais'd
 To frenzy, plunges in a sea of horror,
 And tastes the pains, the agonies of dying—
 Ha! who is this, perhaps he bears my fate?
 It must be so, but, why this privacy?

SCENE

SCENE VI.

ARSACES and BETHAS.

ARSACES.

Health to the noble *Bethas*, health and joy!

BETHAS.

A steady harden'd villain, one experienc'd
 In his employment ; ha ! where's thy dagger ?
 It cannot give me fear ; I'm ready, see,
 My op'ning bosom tempts the friendly steel.
 Fain would I cast this tiresome being off,
 Like an old garment worn to wretchednes.
 Here, strike for I'm prepar'd.

ARSACES.

Oh ! view me better,
 Say, do I wear the gloomy ruffian's frown ?

BETHAS.

Ha ! 'tis the gallant Prince, the brave *Arsaces*,
 And *Bethas'* Conqueror.

ARSACES.

And *Bethas'* friend,
 A name I'm proud to wear.

BETHAS.

BETHAS.

Away—away—

Mock with your jester to divert the court,
 Fit Scene for sportive joys and frolic mirth;
 Thinkst thou I lack that manly constancy
 Which braves misfortune, and remains unshaken?
 Are these, are these the emblems of thy friendship,
 These rankling chains, say, does it gall like these?
 No, let me taste the bitterness of sorrow,
 For I am reconcil'd to wretchedness.
 The Gods have empty'd all their mighty store,
 Of hoarded Ills, upon my whiten'd age;
 Now death—but, oh! I court coy death in vain,
 Like a cold maid, he scorns my fond complaining.
 'Tis thou, insulting Prince, 'tis thou hast dragg'd
 My soul, just rising, down again to earth,
 And clogg'd her wings with dull mortality,
 A hateful bondage! Why—

ARSACES.

A moment hear me—

BETHAS.

Why dost thou, like an angry vengeful ghost,
 Glide hither to disturb this peaceful gloom?
 What, dost thou envy me my miseries,
 My chains and flinty pavement, where I oft
 In sleep behold the image of the death I wish,

Forget

Forget my sorrows and heart-breaking anguish?
 These horrors I would undisturb'd enjoy,
 Attended only by my silent thoughts;
 Is it to see the wretch that you have made,
 To view the ruins of unhappy *Bethas*,
 And triumph in my grief? Is it for this
You penetrate my dark joyless prison?

ARSACES.

Oh! do not injure me by such suspicions.
 Unknown to me are cruel scoffs and jests;
 My breast can feel compassion's tenderness,
 The warrior's warmth, the soothing joys of friendship.
 When adverse bold battalions shook the earth,
 And horror triumph'd on the hostile field,
 I fought you with a glorious enmity,
 And arm'd my brow with the stern frown of war.
 But now the angry trumpet wakes no more
 The youthful champion to the lust for blood.
 Retiring rage gives place to softer passions,
 And gen'rous warriors know no longer hate,
 The name of foe is lost, and thus I ask
 Your friendship.

BETHAS.

Ah! why dost thou mock me thus?

ARSACES.

Let the base coward, he who ever shrinks,
 And trembles, at the slight name of danger,
 Taunt, and revile, with bitter gibes, the wretched;
 The brave are ever to distress a friend.

Tho' my dear country, (spoil'd by wasteful war,
 Her harvests blazing, desolate her towns,
 And baleful ruin shew'd her hagard face)
 Call'd out on me to save her from her foes,
 And I obey'd, yet to your gallant prowes,
 And unmatch'd deeds, I admiration gave.
 But now my country knows the sweets of safety,
 Freed from her fears; sure now I may indulge
 My just esteem for your superior virtue.

BETHAS.

Yes, I must think you what you would be thought,
 For honest minds are easy of belief,
 And always judge of others by themselves,
 But often are deceiv'd; yet *Parthia* breeds not
 Virtue much like thine, the barb'rous clime teems
 With nought else but villains vers'd in ill.

ARSACES

Dissimulation never mark'd my looks,
 Nor flatt'ring deceit e'er taught my tongue,
 The tale of falsehood, to disguise my thoughts:
 To Virtue, and, her fair companion, Truth,

I've ever bow'd, their holy precepts kept,
 And scann'd by them the actions of my life.
 Suspicion surely ne'er disturbs the brave,
 They never know the fears of doubting thoughts;
 But free, as are the altars of the Gods,
 From ev'ry hand receive the sacrifice.

S C E N E VII.

ARSACES, BETHAS EVANTHE and CLEONE.

EVANTHE.

Heav'ns! what a gloom hangs round this dreadful place,
 Fit habitation for the guilty mind!
 Oh! if such terrors wait the innocent,
 Which tread these vaults, what must the impious feel,
 Who've all their crimes to stare them in the face?

BETHAS.

Immortal Gods! is this reality?
 Or meer illusion? am I blest at last,
 Or is it to torment me that you've rais'd
 This semblance of *Evanthe* to my eyes?
 It is! it is! 'tis she!—

ARSACES.

Ha!—what means this?—

She faints! she faints! life has forsook its seat,
 Pale Death usurps its place—*Evanthe*, Oh!
 Awake to life!—Love and *Arsaces* call!—

BETHAS.

Off— give her to my arms, my warm embrace
 Shall melt Death's icy chains.

CLEONE.

She lives! she lives!—
 See, on her cheeks the rosy glow returns.

ARSACES.

O joy! O joy! her op'ning eyes, again,
 Break, like the morning sun, a better day.

BETHAS.

Evanthe!—

EVANTHE.

Oh! my Father!—

ARSACES.

Ha!—her Father!

BETHAS.

Heav'n thou art kind at last, and this indeed
 Is recompense for all the ills I've past;

For

For all the sorrows which my heart has known,
 Each wakeful night, and ev'ry day of anguish.
 This, this has sweet'n'd all my bitter cup,
 And gave me once again to taste of joy,
 Joy which has long been stranger to this bosom.
 Hence—hence disgrace—off, ignominy off—
 But one embrace—I ask but one embrace,
 And 'tis deny'd.

EVANTHE.

O, yes, around thy neck
 I'll fold my longing arms, thy softer fetters,
 Thus press thee to my happy breast, and kiss
 Away those tears that stain thy aged cheeks.

BETHAS.

Oh! 'tis too much! it is too much! ye Gods!
 Life's at her utmost stretch, and bursting near
 With heart-swoln ecstasy; now let me die.

ARSACES.

What marble heart
 Could see this scene unmov'd, nor give a tear?
 My eyes grow dim, and sympathetic passion
 Falls like a gushing torrent on my bosom.

EVANTHE.

O! happy me, this place, which lately seem'd
 So fill'd with horror, now is pleasure's circle.

Here will I fix my seat; my pleasing task
 Shall be to cherish thy remaining life.
 All night I'll keep a vigil o'er thy slumbers,
 And on my breast repose thee, mark thy dreams,
 And when thou wak'st invent some pleasing tale,
 Or with my songs the tedious hours beguile.

BETHIAS.

Still let me gaze, still let me gaze upon thee,
 Let me strain ev'ry nerve with ravishment,
 And all my life be center'd in my vision.
 To see thee thus, to hear thy angel voice,
 It is, indeed, a luxury of pleasure!—
 Speak, speak again, for oh! 'tis heav'n to hear thee!
 Celestial sweetness dwells on ev'ry accent;—
 Lull me to rest, and sooth my raging joy.
 Joy which distracts me with unruly transports.
 Now, by thy dear departed Mother's shade,
 Thou brightest pattern of all excellence,
 Thou who in prattling infancy hast blest me,
 I wou'd not give this one transporting moment,
 This fullness of delight, for all—but, ah!
 ,Tis vile, Ambition, Glory, all is vile,
 To the soft sweets of love and tenderness.

EVANTHE.

Now let me speak, my throbbing heart is full,

I'll

I'll tell thee all—alas! I have forgot—
 'T'as slipt me in the tumult of my joy.
 And yet I thought that I had much to say.

BETHAS.

Oh! I have curs'd my birth, indeed, I have
 Blasphem'd the Gods, with unbecoming passion,
 Arraign'd their Justice, and defy'd their pow'r,
 In bitterness, because they had deny'd
 Thee to support the weakness of my age.
 But now no more I'll rail and rave at fate,
 All its decrees are just, complaints are impious.
 Whate'er short-sighted mortals feel, springs from
 Their blindnes in the ways of Providence;
 Sufficient wisdom 'tis for man to know
 That the great Ruler is e'er wise and good.

ARSACES.

Ye figur'd stones!
 Ye senseless, lifeless images of men,
 Who never gave a tear to others woe,
 Whose bosoms never glow'd for others good,
 O weary heav'n with your repeated pray'rs,
 And strive to melt the angry pow'r's to pity,
 That ye may truly live.

EVANTHE.

Oh! how my heart
 Beats in my breast, and shakes my trembling frame!

I sink beneath this sudden flood of joy,
Too mighty for my spirits.

ARSACES.

My *Evanthe*,

Thus in my arms I catch thy falling beauties,
Chear thee; and kiss thee back to life again:
Thus to my bosom I could ever hold thee,
And find new pleasure.

EVANTHE.

O! my lov'd, *Arsaces*,

Forgive me that I saw thee not before,
Indeed my soul was busily employ'd,
Nor left a single thought at liberty.
But thou, I know, art gentleness and love.
Now I am doubly paid for all my sorrows,
For all my fears for thee.

ARSACES.

Then, fear no more:

Give to guilty wretches painful terrors:
Whose keen remembrance raises horrid forms,
Shapes that in spite of nature shock their souls
With dreadful anguish: but thy gentle bosom,
Where innocence beams light and gayety,
Can never know a fear, now shining joy
Shall gild the pleasing scene.

EVANTHE.

EVANTHE.

Alas ! this joy
 I fear is like a sudden flame shot from
 Th' expiring taper, darkness will ensue,
 And double night I dread enclose us round.
 Anxiety does yet disturb my breast,
 And frightful apprehension shakes my soul.

BETHAS.

How shall I thank you, ye bright glorious beings !
 Shall I in humble adoration bow,
 Or fill the earth with your resounding praise ?
 No, this I leave to noisy hypocrites,
 A Mortal's tongue disgraces such a theme ;
 But heav'n delights where silent gratitude
 Mounts each aspiring thought to its bright throne,
 Nor leaves to language aught ; words may indeed
 From man to man their sev'ral wants express,
 Heav'n asks the purer incense of the heart.

ARSACES.

I'll to the King, 'ere he retires to rest,
 Nor will I leave him 'till I've gain'd your freedom ;
 His love will surely not deny me this.

SCENE VIII.

VARDANES and LYSIAS (come forward.)

LYSIAS.

'Twas a moving Scene, e'en my rough nature
Was nighly melted.

VARDANES.

Hence coward pity—

What is joy to them, to me is torture.
Now am I rack'd with pains that far exceed
Those agonies, which fabling Priests relate,
The damn'd endure: The shock of hopeless Love,
Unblest with any views to sooth ambition,
Rob me of all my reas'ning faculties.
Arſaces gains *Evanthe*, fills the throne,
While I am doom'd to foul obscurity,
To pine and grieve neglected.

LYSIAS.

My noble Prince,
Would it not be a master-piece, indeed,
To make this very bliss their greatest ill,
And damn them in the very folds of joy?

VARDANES.

This I will try, and stretch my utmost art,

Unknown

Unknown is yet the means—We'll think on that—
Success may follow if you'll lend your aid.

LYSIAS.

The storm still rages—I must to the King,
And know what further orders 'ere he sleeps:
Soon I'll return, and speak my mind more fully.

VARDANES.

Haste, *Lysias*, haste, to aid me with thy council;
For without thee, all my designs will prove
Like night and chaos, darkness and confusion;
But to thy word shall light and order spring.—
Let coward Schoolmen talk of Virtue's rules,
And preach the vain Philosophy of fools;
Court eager their obscurity, afraid
To taste a joy, and in some gloomy shade
Dream o'er their lives, while in a mournful strain
They sing of happiness, they never gain.
But form'd for nobler purposes I come,
To gain a crown, or else a glorious tomb.

END of the SECOND ACT.



ACT III. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

QUEEN and EDESSA.

QUEEN.

TALK not of sleep to me, the God of Rest
Disdains to visit where disorder reigns;
Not beds of down, nor music's softest strains,
Can charm him when 'tis anarchy within.
He flies with eager haste the mind disturb'd,
And sheds his blessings where the soul's in peace.

EDESSA.

Yet, hear me, Madam!

QUEEN.

Hence, away, *Edeffa*,
For thou know'st not the pangs of jealousy.
Say, has he not forsook my bed, and left me
Like a lone widow mourning to the night?
This, with the injury his son has done me,

If

If I forgive, may heav'n in anger show'r
 Its torments on me—Ha! is n't that the King?

EDESSA.

It is your Royal Lord, great *Artabanus*.

QUEEN.

Leave me, for I would meet him here alone,
 Something is lab'ring in my breast —

S C E N E II.

KING and QUEEN.

KING.

This leads
 To fair *Evanthe's* chamber—Ha! the Queen.

QUEEN.

Why dost thou start? so starts the guilty wretch,
 When, by some watchful eye, prevented from
 His dark designs.

KING.

Prevented! how, what mean'st thou?

QUEEN.

Art thou then so dull? cannot thy heart,
 Thy changeling heart, explain my meaning to thee,
 Or must upbraiding 'wake thy apprehension?
 Ah! faithless, tell me, have I lost those charms
 Which thou so oft hast sworn could warm old age,
 And tempt the frozen hermit from his cell,
 To visit once again our gayer world?
 This, thou hast sworn, perfidious as thou art,
 A thousand times; as often hast thou sworn
 Eternal constancy, and endless love,
 Yet ev'ry time was perjur'd.

KING.

Sure, 'tis frenzy.

QUEEN.

Indeed, 'tis frenzy, 'tis the height of madness,
 For I have wander'd long in sweet delusion.
 At length the pleasing Phantom chang'd its form,
 And left me in a wilderness of woe.

KING.

Prithee, no more, dismiss those jealous heats;
 Love must decay, and soon disgust arise,
 Where endless jarrings and upbraidings damp
 The gentle flame, which warms the lover's breast.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Oh! grant me patience heav'n! and dost thou think
 By these reproaches to disguise thy guilt?
 No, tis in vain, thy art's too thin to hide it.

KING.

Curse on the marriage chain!—the clog, a wife,
 Who still will force and pall us with the joy,
 Tho' pow'r is wanting, and the will is cloy'd,
 Still urge the debt when Nothing's left to pay.

QUEEN.

Ha! dost thou own thy crime, nor feel the glow
 Of conscious shame?

KING.

Why should I blush, If heav'n
 Has made me as I am, and gave me passions?
 Blest only in variety, then blame
 The Gods, who form'd my nature thus, not me.

QUEEN.

Oh! Traitor! Villain!

KING.

Hence—away—

No more I'll wagè a woman's war with words.

[Exit.]

QUEEN.

Down, down ye rising passions, give me ease,

Or

Or break my heart, for I must yet be calm—
 But, yet, revenge, our Sex's joy, is mine ;
 By all the Gods! he lives not till the morn.
 Who flights my love, shall sink beneath my hate.

SCENE III.

QUEEN and VARDANES.

VARDANES.

What, raging to the tempest ?

QUEEN.

Away!—away!—

Yes, I will rage—a tempest's here within,
 Above the trifling of the noisy elements.
 Blow ye loud winds, burst with your violence,
 For ye but barely imitate the storm
 That wildly rages in my tortur'd breast—
 The King—the King—

VARDANES.

Ha ! what ?—the King?

QUEEN.

Evantbe!—

VARDANES.

VARDANES.

You talk like riddles, still obscure and short,
Give me some cue to guide me thro' this maze.

QUEEN.

Ye pitying pow'rs!—oh! for a poison, some
Curs'd deadly draught, that I might blast her beauties,
And rob her eyes of all their fatal lustre.

VARDANES.

What, blast her charms?—dare not to think of it—
Shocking impiety;—the num'rous systems
Which gay creation spreads, bright blazing suns,
With all th' attendant planets circling round,
Are not worth half the radiance of her eyes.
She's heav'n's peculiar care, good spir'ts hover
Round, a shining band, to guard her beauties.

QUEEN.

Be they watchful then; for should remissness
Taint the guard, I'll snatch the opportunity,
And hurl her to destruction.

VARDANES.

Dread *Thermusa*,
Say, what has rous'd this tumult in thy soul?
Why dost thou rage with unabating fury,
Wild as the winds, loud as the troubl'd sea?

U

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Yes, I will tell thee—*Evanthe*—curse her—
 With charms—Would that my curses had the pow'r
 To kill, destroy, and blast where e'er I hate,
 Then would I curse, still curse, till death should seize
 The dying accents on my faltering tongue,
 So should this world, and the false changeling man
 Be buried in one universal ruin.

VARDANES.

Still err'st thou from the purpose.

QUEEN.

Ha! 'tis so—

Yes I will tell thee—for I know fond fool,
 Deluded wretch, thou doteſt on *Evanthe*—
 Be that thy greatest curse, be curs'd like me,
 With jealousy and rage, for know, the King,
 Thy father, is thy rival.

SCENE IV.

VARDANES, alone.

Ha! my rival!

How knew ſhe that?—yet stay—ſhe's gone—my rival,
 What then? he is *Aſſaces'* rival too.

Ha!—this may aid and ripen my designs—

Could

Could I but fire the King with jealousy,
 And then accuse my Brother of Intrigues
 Against the state—ha!—join'd with *Bethas*, and
 Confed'rate with th' Arabians—'tis most likely
 That jealousy would urge him to belief.
 I'll sink my claim until some fitter time,
 'Til opportunity smiles on my purpose.
Lysias already has receiv'd the mandate
 For *Bethas'* freedom: Let them still proceed,
 This harmony shall change to discord soon.
 Fortune methinks of late grows wond'rous kind,
 She scarcely leaves me to employ myself.

SCENE V.

KING, ARSACES, VARDANES.

KING.

But where's *Evantbe*? Where's the lovely Maid?

ARSACES.

On the cold pavement, by her aged Sire,
 The dear companion of his solitude,
 She sits, nor can persuasion make her rise;
 But in the wild extravagance of joy
 She weeps, then smiles, like April's sun, thro' show'rs.

While with strain'd eyes he gazes on her face,
 And cries, in ecstacy, " Ye gracious pow'rs!
 " It is too much, it is too much to bear!" .
 Then clasps her to his breast, while down his cheeks
 Large drops each other trace, and mix with hers.

KING.

Thy tale is moving, for my eyes o'erflow—
 How slow does *Lysias* with *Evantbe* creep!
 So moves old time when bringing us to bliss.
 Now war shall cease, no more of war I'll have,
 Death knows satiety, and pale destruction
 Turns loathing from his food, thus forc'd on him.
 The trifling dust, the cause of all this ruin,
 The trade of death shall urge no more.—

SCENE VI.

KING, ARSACES, VARDANES, EVANTHE, LYSIAS.

KING.

Evantbe!—

See pleasure's goddess deigns to dignify
 The happy scene, and make our bliss complete.
 So *Venus*, from her heav'nly seat, descends
 To bless the gay *Cythera* with her presence;

A thousand smiling graces wait the goddess,
 A thousand little loves are flutt'ring round,
 And joy is mingl'd with the beauteous train.

EVANTHE.

O! Royal Sir, thus lowly to the ground
 I bend, in humble gratitude, accept
 My thanks, for this thy goodness, words are vile
 T' express the image of my lively thought,
 And speak the grateful fulness of my heart.
 All I can say, is that I now am happy,
 And that thy giving hand has made me blest.

KING.

O! rise, *Evanthe* rise, this lowly posture
 Suits not with charms like thine, they should command,
 And ev'ry heart exult in thy behests;—
 But, where's thy aged Sire?

EVANTHE.

This sudden turn
 Of fortune has so wrought upon his frame,
 His limbs could not support him to thy presence.

ARSACES.

This, this is truly great, this is the Hero,
 Like heav'n, to scatter blessings 'mong mankind,
 And e'er delight in making others happy.

Cold is the praise which waits the victor's triumph,
 (Who thro' a sea of blood has rush'd to glory),
 To the o'erflowings of a grateful heart,
 By obligations conquer'd: Yet, extend
 Thy bounty unto me.

[Kneels]

KING.

Ha! rise *Arsaces*.

ARSACES.

Not till you grant my boon.

KING.

Speak, and 'tis thine—

Wide thro' our kingdom let thy eager wishes
 Search for some jewel worthy of thy seeing;
 Something that's fit to show the donor's bounty,
 And by the glorious fun, our worship'd God,
 Thou shalt not have denial; e'en my crown
 Shall gild thy brows with shining beams of Empire,
 With pleasure I'll resign to thee my honours,
 I long for calm retirement's softer joys.

ARSACES.

Long may you wear it, grant it bounteous heav'n,
 And happiness attend it; 'tis my pray'r
 That daily rises with the early sweets
 Of nature's incense, and the lark's loud strain.

'Tis

'Tis not the unruly transP^Ort of ambition
 That urges my desires to ask your crown ;
 Let the vain wretch, who prides in gay dominion,
 Who thinks not of the great ones weighty cares,
 Enjoy his lofty wish, wide spreading rule.
 The treasure which I ask, put in the scale,
 Would over-balance all that Kings can boast,
 Empire and diadems.

KING.

Away, that thought—
 Name it, haste—speak.

ARSACES.

For all the dang'rous toil,
 Thirst, hunger, marches long that I've endur'd,
 For all the blood I've in thy service spent,
 Reward me with *Evanthe*.

KING.

Ha! what said'st thou?—

VARDANES.

The King is mov'd, and angry bites his lip.—
 Thro' my benighted soul all-cheering hope
 Beams, like an orient sun, reviving joy.

[Aside.]

ARSACES.

ARSACES.

The stern *Vonones* ne'er could boast a merit
But loving her.

KING.

Ah! curse the hated name—

Yes, I remember when the fell ruffian
Directed all his fury at my life;
Then sent, by pitying heav'n, t' assert the right
Of injur'd Majesty, thou, *Arsaces*,
Taught him the duty he ne'er knew before,
And laid the Traitor dead.

ARSACES.

My Royal Sire!

LYSIAS.

My Liege, the Prince still kneels.

KING.

Ha!—rebel, off—

[Strikes him]

What, *Lysias*, did I strike thee? forgive my rage—
The name of curs'd *Vonones* fires my blood,
And gives me up to wrath.—

LYSIAS.

I am your slave,
Sway'd by your pleasure—when I forgot it,

May

May this keen dagger, which I mean to hide,
Deep in his bosom, pierce my vitals thro'.

[Aside]

KING.

Didst thou not name *Evanthe*?

ARSACES.

I did, my Lord!

And, say, whom should I name but her, in whom
My soul has center'd all her happiness?
Nor canst thou blame me, view her wond'rous charms,
She's all perfection; bounteous heav'n has form'd her
To be the joy, and wonder of mankind;
But language is too vile to speak her beauties,
Here ev'ry pow'r of glowing fancy's lost:
Rose blush secure, ye lilies still enjoy
Your silver whiteness, I'll not rob your charms
To deck the bright comparison; for here
It sure must fail.

KING.

He's wanton in her praise—

[Aside]

I tell thee, Prince, hadst thou as many tongues,
As days have wasted since creation's birth,
They were too few to tell the mighty theme.

EVANTHE.

I'm lost! I'm lost!

[Aside]

ARSACES.

Then I'll be dumb for ever.

KING.

O rash and fatal oath ! is there no way,
 No winding path to shun this precipice,
 But must I fall and dash my hopes to atoms ?
 In vain I strive, thought but perplexes me,
 Yet shews no hold to bear me up—now, hold
 My heart a while—she's thine—'tis done.

ARSACES.

In deep
 Prostration, I thank my Royal Father.

KING.

A sudden pain shoots thro' my trembling breast—
 Lend me thy arm *Vardanes*—cruel pow'rs !

SCENE VII.

ARSACES, and EVANTHE.

EVANTHE, (after a pause)
 E'er since the dawn of my unhappy life
 Joy never shone serenely on my soul ;
 Still something interven'd to cloud my day.

Tell

Tell me, ye pow'rs, unfold the hidden crime
 For which I'm doom'd to this eternal woe,
 Thus still to number o'er my hours with tears ?
 The Gods are just I know, nor are decrees
 In hurry shuffl'd out, but where the bolt
 Takes its direction justice points the mark.
 Yet still in vain I search within my breast,
 I find no sins are there to shudder at—
 Nought but the common frailties of our natures.
Arsaces,—Oh !—

ARSACES.

Ha ! why that look of anguish ?
 Why didst thou name me with that sound of sorrow ?
 Ah ! say, why stream those gushing tears so fast
 From their bright fountain ? sparkling joy should now
 Be lighten'd in thine eye, and pleasure glow
 Upon thy rosy cheek ;—ye sorrows hence—
 'Tis love shall triumph now.

EVANTHE.

Oh !

[Sighs]

ARSACES.

What means that sigh ?
 Tell me why heaves thy breast with such emotion ?
 Some dreadful thought is lab'ring for a vent,
 Haste, give it loose, 'ere strengthen'd by confinement

It wrecks thy frame, and tears its snowy prison.
 Is sorrow then so pleasing that you hoard it
 With as much love, as misers do their gold?
 Give me my share of sorrows.

EVANTHE.

Ah! too soon
 You'll know what I would hide.

ARSACES.

Be it from thee—
 The dreadful tale, when told by thee, shall please;
 Haste, to produce it with its native terrors,
 My steady soul shall still remain unshaken;
 For who when bless'd with beauties like to thine
 Would e'er permit a sorrow to intrude?
 Far hence in darksome shades does sorrow dwell,
 Where hapless wretches thro' the awful gloom,
 Echo their woes, and sighing to the winds,
 Augment with tears the gently murmur'ring stream;
 But ne'er disturbs such happiness as mine.

EVANTHE.

Oh! 'tis not all thy boasted happiness,
 Can save thee from disquietude and care;
 Then build not too securely on these joys,
 For envious sorrow soon will undermine,
 And let the goodly structure fall to ruin.

ARSACES,

ARSACES.

I charge thee, by our mutual vows, *Evanthe*,
 Tell me, nor longer keep me in suspense:
 Give me to know the utmost rage of fate.

EVANTHE.

Then know—impossible!—

ARSACES.

Ha! dost thou fear
 To shock me?—

EVANTHE.

Know, thy Father—loves *Evanthe*.—

ARSACES.

Loves thee?

EVANTHE.

Yea, e'en to distraction loves me.
 Oft at my feet he's told the moving tale,
 And woo'd me with the ardency of youth.
 I pitied him indeed, but that was all,
 Thou wouldst have pitied too.

ARSACES.

I fear 'tis true;
 A thoufand crowding circumstances speak it.

Ye cruel Gods! I've wreck'd a Father's peace,
Oh! bitter thought!

EVANTHE.

Didst thou observe, *Arsaces*,
How reluctant he gave me to thy arms?

ARSACES.

Yes, I observ'd that when he gave thee up,
It seem'd as tho' he gave his precious life.
And who'd forego the heav'n of thy love?
To rest on thy soft swelling breast, and in
Sweet slumbers sooth each sharp intruding care?
Oh! it were bliss, such as immortals taste,
To press thy ruby lips distilling sweets,
Or circl'd in thy snowy arms to snatch
A joy, that Gods—

EVANTHE.

Come, then, my much-lov'd Prince,
Let's seek the shelter of some kind retreat.
Happy Arabia opens wide her arms,
There may we find some friendly solitude,
Far from the noise and hurry of the Court.
Ambitious views shall never blast our joys,
Or tyrant Fathers triumph o'er our wills:
There may we live like the first happy pair
Cloath'd in primeval innocence secure.

Our food untainted by luxurious arts,
 Plain, simple, as our lives, shall not destroy
 The health it should sustain; while the clear brook
 Affords the cooling draught our thirsts to quench.
 There, hand in hand, we'll trace the citron grove,
 While with the songsters' round I join my voice,
 To hush thy cares and calm thy ruff'd soul:
 Or, on some flow'ry bank reclin'd, my strains
 Shall captivate the natives of the stream,
 While on its crystal lap ourselves we view.

ARSACES.

I see before us a wide sea of sorrows,
 Th' angry waves roll forward to o'erwhelm us,
 Black clouds arise, and the wind whistles loud.
 But yet, oh! could I save thee from the wreck,
 Thou beauteous casket, where my joys are stor'd,
 Let the storm rage with double violence,
 Smiling I'd view its wide extended horrors.

EVANTHE.

*Tis not enough that we do know the ill,
 Say, shall we calmly see the tempest rise,
 And seek no shelter from th' inclement sky,
 But bid it rage?—

ARSACES.

Ha! will he force thee from me?

What,

What, tear thee from my fond and bleeding heart?
 And must I lose thee ever? dreadful word!
 Never to gaze upon thy beauties more?
 Never to taste the sweetness of thy lips?
 Never to know the joys of mutual love?
 Never!—Oh! let me lose the pow'r of thinking,
 For thought is near allied to desperation.
 Why, cruel Sire—why did you give me life,
 And load it with a weight of wretchedness?
 Take back my being, or relieve my sorrows—
 Ha! art thou not *Evanthe*?—Art thou not
 The lovely Maid, who bles'd the fond *Arsaces*?—

[Raving.]

EVANTHE.

O, my lov'd Lord, recall your scatter'd spir'ts,
 Alas! I fear your senses are unsettl'd.

ARSACES.

Yes, I would leave this dull and heavy sense.
 Let me grow mad; perhaps, I then may gain
 Some joy, by kind imagination form'd,
 Beyond reality.—O! my *Evanthe*!
 Why was I curs'd with empire? born to rule?—
 Would I had been some humble Peasant's son,
 And thou some Shepherd's daughter on the plain;
 My throne some hillock, and my flock my subjects,
 My crook my sceptre, and my faithful dog
 My only guard; nor curs'd with dreams of greatness.

At

At early dawn I'd hail the coming day,
 And join the lark the rival of his lay ;
 At sultry noon to some kind shade repair,
 Thus joyful pass the hours, my only care,
 To guard my flock, and please the yielding Fair. }

SCENE VIII.

KING.—VARDANES, behind the *Scene*.

KING.

I will not think, to think is torment—Ha!
 See, how they twine! ye furies cut their hold.
 Now their hot blood beats loud to love's alarms ;
 Sigh presses sigh, while from their sparkling eyes
 Flashes desire—Oh! ye bright heav'ly beings,
 Who pitying bend to suppliant Lovers pray'rs,
 And aid them in extremity, assist me!

VARDANES.

Thus, for the Trojan, mourn'd the Queen of Carthage ;
 So, on the shore she raving stood, and saw
 His navy leave her hospitable shore.
 In vain she curs'd the wind which fill'd their sails,
 And bore the emblem of its change away. [Comes forward.]

Y

KING.

THE PRINCE

KING.

Vardanes—ha!—come here, I know thou lov'st me.

VARDANES.

I do my Lord; but, say, what busy villain
Durst e'er approach your ear, with coz'ning tales,
And urge you to a doubt?

KING.

None, none believe me.
I'll ne'er oppress thy love with fearful doubt—
A little nigher—let me lean upon thee—
And thou be my support—for now I mean
T' unbosom to thee free without restraint:
Search all the deep recesses of my soul,
And open ev'ry darling thought before thee,
Which long I've secreted with jealous care.
Pray, mark me well.

VARDANES.

I will, my Royal Sire.

KING.

On *Anna* thus reclin'd the love-sick Dido;
Thus to her cheek laid hers with gentle pressure,
And wet her sister with a pearly show'r,
Which fell from her sad eyes, then told her tale,
While gentle *Anna* gave a pitying tear,

And

And own'd 'twas moving—thou canst pity too,
I know thy nature tender and engaging.

VARDANES.

Tell me, my gracious Lord, what moves you thus?
Why is your breast distracted with these tumults?
Teach me some method how to sooth your sorrows,
And give your heart its former peace and joy;
Instruct, thy lov'd, *Vardanes*.—

KING.

Yes, I'll tell thee;
But listen with attention while I speak;
And yet I know 'twill shock thy gentle soul,
And horror o'er thee 'll spread his palfy hand.
O, my lov'd Son! thou fondness of my age!
Thou art the prop of my declining years,
In thee alone I find a Father's joy,
Of all my offspring: But *Arfases*—

VARDANES.

Ha!

My Brother!—

KING.

Ay—why dost start?—thy Brother
Pursues me with his hate: and, while warm life
Rolls the red current thro' my veins, delights

To see me tortur'd; with an easy smile
He meets my suff'rings, and derides my pain.

VARDANES.

Oh!

KING.

What means that hollow groan?—*Vardanes*, speak,
Death's image sits upon thy pallid cheek,
While thy low voice sounds as when murmurs run
Thro' lengthen'd vaults—

VARDANES.

O! my foreboding thoughts,
'Twas this disturb'd my rest; when sleep at night
Lock'd me in slumbers; in my dreams I saw
My Brother's crime—yet, death!—it cannot be—

[Aside]

KING.

Ha!—what was that?—

VARDANES.

O! my dread Lord, some Villain
Bred up in lies, and train'd to treach'ry,
Has injur'd you by vile reports, to stain
My Princely Brother's honour.

KING.

Thou know'st more,

'Thy

Thy looks confess what thou in vain wouldest hide—
 And hast thou then conspir'd against me too,
 And sworn concealment to your practices?—
 Thy guilt—

VARDANES.

Ha! guilt!—what guilt?—

KING.

Nay, start not so—
 I'll know your purposes, spite of thy art.

VARDANES.

O! ye great Gods! and is it come to this?—
 My Royal Father call your reason home,
 Drive these loud passions hence, that thus deform you.
 My Brother—Ah! what shall I say?—My Brother
 Sure loves you as he ought.

KING.

Ha! as he ought?—
 Hell blister thy evasive tongue—I'll know it—
 I will; I'll search thy breast, thus will I open
 A passage to your secrets—yet resolv'd—
 Yet steady in your horrid villany—
 'Tis fit that I from whom such monsters sprung
 No more should burthen earth—Ye Parricides!—
 Here plant your daggers in this hated bosom—

Here

Here rive my heart, and end at once my sorrows,
I gave ye being, that's the mighty crime.

VARDANES.

I can no more—here let me bow in anguish—
Think not that I e'er join'd in his designs,
Because I have conceal'd my knowledge of them;
I meant, by pow'rful reason's friendly aid,
To turn him from destruction's dreadful path,
And bring him to a sense of what he ow'd
To you as King and Father.

KING.

Say on—I'll hear.

VARDANES.

He views thy sacred life with envious hate,
As 'tis a bar to his ambitious hopes.
On the bright throne of Empire his plum'd wishes
Seat him, while on his proud aspiring brows
He feels the pleasing weight of Royalty.
But when he wakes from these his airy dreams,
(Delusions form'd by the deceiver hope,
To raise him to the glorious height of greatness)
Then hurl him from proud Empire to subjection.
Wild wrath will quickly swell his haughty breast,
Soon as he finds 'tis but a shadowy blessing.—
'Twas fav'ring accident discover'd to me

All that I know; this Evening as I stood
 Alone, retir'd, in the still gallery,
 That leads up to th' appartment of my Brother,
 T' indulge my melancholy thoughts,—

KING.

Proceed—

VARDANES.

A wretch approach'd with wary step, his eye
 Spoke half his tale, denoting villainy.
 In hollow murmurs thus he question'd me.
 Was I the Prince?—I answer'd to content him—
 Then in his hand he held this paper forth.
 “Take this, says he, this *Bethas* greets thce with,
 “Keep but your word our plot will meet success.”
 I snatch'd it with more rashnes than discretion,
 Which taught him his mistake. In haste he drew,
 And aim'd his dagger at my breast, but paid
 His life, a forfeit, for his bold presuming.

KING.

O Villain! Villain!

VARDANES.

Here, read this, my Lord—
 I read it, and cold horror froze my blood,
 And shook me like an ague.

KING.

KING.

Ha!—what's this?—

“ Doubt not Arabia's aid, set me but free,

“ I'll easy pass on the old cred'lous King,

“ For fair *Evantke's* Father.”—Thus to atoms—

Oh! could I tear these cursed traitors thus.

{ Tears the paper
into pieces.]

VARDANES.

Curses avail you nothing, he has pow'r,
And may abuse it to your prejudice.

KING.

I am resolv'd—

VARDANES.

Tho' Pris'ner in his camp,
Yet, *Bethas* was attended like a Prince,
As tho' he still commanded the Arabians.
'Tis true, when they approach'd the royal city,
He threw him into chains to blind our eyes,
A shallow artifice—

KING.

That is a Truth.

VARDANES.

And, yet, he is your Son.

KING

KING.

Ah! that indeed—

VARDANES.

Why that still heightens his impiety,
 To rush to empire thro' his Father's blood,
 And, in return of life, to give him death.

KING.

Oh! I am all on fire, yes I must tear
 These folds of venom from me.

VARDANES.

Sure 'twas *Lyrias*
 That cross'd the passage now.

KING.

'Tis to my wish.

I'll in, and give him orders to arrest
 My traitor Son and *Bethas*—Now *Vardanes*
 Indulge thy Father in this one request—
 Seize, with some horse, *Evanthe*, and bear her
 To your command—Oh! I'll own my weakness—
 I love with fondness mortal never knew—
 Not Jove himself, when he forsook his heav'n,
 And in a brutal shape disgrac'd the God,
 E'er lov'd like me.

VARDANES.

I will obey you, Sir.

Z

SCENE

SCENE IX.

VARDANES, alone.

I'll seize her, but I'll keep her for myself,
It were a sin to give her to his age—
To twine the blooming garland of the spring
Around the sapless trunks of wither'd oaks—
The night, methinks, grows ruder than it was,
Thus should it be, thus nature should be shock'd,
And Prodigies, affrighting all mankind,
Foretell the dreadful busness I intend.

The earth should gape, and swallow cities up,
Shake from their haughty heights aspiring tow'rs,
And level mountains with the vales below;
The Sun amaz'd should frown in dark eclipse,
And light retire to its unclouded heav'n;
While darkness, bursting from her deep recess,
Should wrap all nature in eternal night.—
Ambition, glorious fever of the mind,
'Tis that which raises us above mankind;
The shining mark which bounteous heav'n has gave,
From vulgar souls distinguishing the brave.

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

A PRISON.

GOTARZES and PHRAATES.

PHRAATES.

O h! fly my Prince, for safety dwells not here,
 Hence let me urge thy flight with eager haste,
 Last night thy Father sigh'd his soul to bliss,
 Base murther'd—

GOTARZES.

Murther'd? ye Gods!—

PHRAATES.

Alas! 'tis true.

Stabb'd in his slumber by a traitor's hand;
 I scarce can speak it—horror choaks my words—
Lysias it was who did the damned deed,
 Urg'd by the bloody Queen, and his curs'd rage,
 Because the King, thy Sire, in angry mood,
 Once struck him on his foul dishonest cheek;
 Suspicion gave me fears of this, when' first
 I heard, the Prince, *Arsaces*, was imprison'd;
 By fell *Vardanes'* viles.

GOTARZES.

Oh! horror! horror!

Hither I came to share my Brother's sorrows,
To mingle tears, and give him sigh for sigh;
But this is double, double weight of woe.

PHRAATES.

'Tis held as yet a secret from the world,
Frighted by hideous dreams I shook off sleep,
And as I mus'd the garden walks along,
Thro' the deep gloom, close in a neig'b'ring walk,
Vardanes with proud *Lysias* I beheld,
Still eager in discourse they saw not me,
For yet the early dawn had not appear'd;
I sought a secret stand, where hid from view,
I heard stern *Lysias*, hail the Prince *Vardanes*
As Parthia's dreaded Lord—" 'Tis done, he cry'd,
" 'Tis done, and *Artabanus* is no more.
" The blow he gave me is repay'd in blood;
" Now shall the morn behold two rising funs:
" *Vardanes* thou, our better light, shalt bring
" Bright day and joy to ev'ry heart."

GOTARZES.

Why slept
Your vengeance, oh! ye righteous Gods?

PHRAATES.

Then told

A tale, so fill'd with bloody circumstance,
Of this damn'd deed, that stiffen'd me with horror.
Vardanes seem'd to blame the hasty act,
As rash, and unadvis'd, by passion urg'd,
Which never yields to cool reflection's place.
But, being done, resolv'd it secret, least
The multitude should take it in their wise
Authority to pry into his death.

Arsaces was, by assassination,
Doom'd to fall. Your name was mention'd also—
But hurried by my fears away, I left
The rest unheard—

GOTARZES.

What can be done?—Reflection, why wilt thou
Forsake us, when distress is at our heels?
Pbraates help me, aid me with thy council,

PHRAATES.

Then stay not here, fly to *Barzaphernes*,
His conqu'ring troops are at a trivial distance;
Soon will you reach the camp; he lov'd your Brother,
And your Father with affection serv'd; haste
Your flight, whilst yet I have the city-guard,
For *Lysias* I expect takes my command.
I to the camp dispatch'd a trusty slave,

Before the morn had spread her blushing veil.
 Away, you'll meet the Gen'ral on the road,
 On such a cause as this he'll not delay.

GOTARZES.

I thank your love—

SCENE II.

PHRAATES, alone.

I'll wait behind, my stay
 May aid the cause; dissembling I must learn,
 Necessity shall teach me how to vary
 My features to the looks of him I serve.
 I'll thrust myself disguis'd among the crowd,
 And fill their ears with murmurs of the deed:
 Whisper all is not well, blow up the sparks
 Of discord, and it soon will flame to rage.

SCENE III.

QUEEN and LYSIAS.

QUEEN.

Haste, and shew me to the Prince *Arsaces*,
 Delay not, see the signet of *Vardanes*.

LYSIAS.

LYSIAS.

Royal *Thermusa*, why this eagerness?
 This tumult of the soul?—what means this dagger?
 Ha!—I suspect—

QUEEN.

Hold—for I'll tell thee, *Lysias*.

'Tis—oh! I scarce can speak the mighty joy—
 I shall be greatly blest in dear revenge,
 'Tis vengeance on *Arsaces*—yes, this hand
 Shall urge the shining poniard to his heart,
 And give him death—yea, give the ruffian death;
 So shall I smile on his keen agonies.

LYSIAS.

Ha! am I robb'd of all my hopes of vengeance,
 Shall I then calmly stand with all my wrongs,
 And see another bear away revenge?

QUEEN.

For what can *Lysias* ask revenge, to bar
 His Queen of hers?

LYSIAS.

Was I not scorn'd, and spurn'd,
 With haughty insolence? like a base coward
 Refus'd what e'er I ask'd, and call'd a boaster?
 My honour fullied, with opprobrious words,

Which

Which can no more its former brightness know,
 'Til, with his blood, I've wash'd the stains away.
 Say, shall I then not seek for glorious vengeance?

QUEEN.

And what is this, to the sad Mother's griefs,
 Her hope cut off, rais'd up with pain and care?
 Hadst thou e'er supported the lov'd Prattler?
 Hadst thou like me hung o'er his infancy,
 Wafting in wakeful mood the tedious night,
 And watch'd his sickly couch, far mov'd from rest,
 Waiting his health's return?—Ah! hadst thou known
 The parent's fondness, rapture, toil and sorrow,
 The joy his actions gave, and the fond wish
 Of something yet to come, to bless my age,
 And lead me down with pleasure to the grave,
 Thou wouldest not thus talk lightly of my wrongs.
 But I delay—

LYSIAS.

To thee I then submit.

Be sure to wreck a double vengeance on him;
 If that thou knowst a part in all his body,
 Where pain can most be felt, strike, strike him there—
 And let him know the utmost height of anguish.
 It is a joy to think that he shall fall,
 Tho' 'tis another hand which gives the blow.

SCENE IV.

ARSACES and BETHAS.

ARSACES.

Why should I linger out my joyless days,
 When length of hope is length of misery?
 Hope is a coz'ner, and beguiles our cares,
 Cheats us with empty shews of happiness,
 Swift fleeting joys which mock the faint embrace;
 We wade thro' ill's pursuing of the meteor,
 Yet are distanc'd still.

BETHAS.

Ah! talk not of hope—
 Hope fled when bright *Aftraea* spurn'd this earth,
 And sought her seat among the shining Gods;
 Despair, proud tyrant, ravages my breast,
 And makes all desolation.

ARSACES.

How can I
 Behold those rev'rent sorrows, see those cheeks
 Moist with the dew which falls from thy sad eyes,
 Nor imitate distraction's frantic tricks,
 And chace cold lifeless reason from her throne?
 I am the fatal cause of all this sorrow,

The spring of ills,—to know me is unhappiness;—
 And mis'ry, like a hateful plague, pursues
 My wearied steps, and blasts the springing verdure.

BETHAS.

No;—It is I that am the source of all,
 It is my fortune sinks you to this trouble;
 Before you shower'd your gentle pity on me,
 You shone the pride of this admiring world.—
Evanthe springs from me, whose fatal charms,
 Produces all this ruin—Hear me heav'n!
 If to another love she ever yields,
 And stains her soul with spotted falsehood's crime,
 If e'en in expectation tastes a bliss,
 Nor joins *Arsaces* with it, I will wreck
 My vengeance on her, so that she shall be
 A dread example to all future times.

ARSACES.

Oh! curse her not, nor threaten her with anger,
 She is all gentleness, yet firm to truth,
 And blest with ev'ry pleasing virtue, free
 From levity, her sexes character.
 She scorns to chace the turning of the wind,
 Varying from point to point.

BETHAS.

I love her, ye Gods!

I need not speak the greatness of my love,
 Each look which straining draws my soul to hers
 Denotes unmeasur'd fondness ; but [mis'ry,
 Like a fretful peevish child, can scarce tell
 What it would wish, or aim at.

A R S A C E S.

Immortals, hear !

Thus do I bow my soul in humble pray'r——
 Thou, King of beings, in whose breath is fate,
 Show'r on *Evanthe* all thy choicest blessings,
 And bless her with excess of happiness ;
 If yet, there is one bliss reserv'd in store,
 And written to my name, oh ! give it her,
 And give me all her sorrows in return.

B E T H A S.

'Rise, 'rise my Prince, this goodness o'erwhelms me,
 She's too unworthy of so great a passion.

A R S A C E S.

I know not what it means, I'm not as usual,
 Ill-boding cares, and restless fears oppress me,
 And horrid dreams disturb, and fright, my slumbers ;
 But yesternight, 'tis dreadful to relate,
 E'en now I tremble at my waking thoughts,
 Methought, I stood alone upon the shore,
 And, at my feet, there roll'd a sea of blood,

High wrought, and 'midst the waves, appear'd my Father,
Struggling for life ; above him was *Vardanes*,
Pois'd in the air, he seem'd to rule the storm,
And, now and then, would push my Father down,
And for a space he'd sink beneath the waves,
And then, all gory, rise to open view,
His voice in broken accents reach'd my ear,
And bade me save him from the bloody stream ;
Thro' the red billows eagerly I rush'd,
But sudden woke, benum'd with chilling fear.

BETHAS.

Most horrible indeed!—but let it pass,
'Tis but the offspring of a mind disturb'd,
For sorrow leaves impressions on the fancy,
Which shew most fearful to us lock'd in sleep.

ARSACES.

Thermusa! ha !—what can be her design ?
She bears this way, and carries in her looks
An eagerness importing violence.
Retire—for I would meet her rage alone.

S C E N E V.

A R S A C E S and Q U E E N.

A R S A C E S.

What means the proud *Thermusa* by this visit,
Stoops heav'n-born pity to a breast like thine?
Pity adorns th' virtuous, but ne'er dwells
Where hate, revenge, and rage distract the soul.
Sure, it is hate that hither urg'd thy steps,
To view misfortune with an eye of triumph.
I know thou lov'st me not, for I have dar'd
To cross thy purposes, and, bold in censure,
Spoke of thy actions as they merited.
Besides, this hand 'twas flew the curs'd *Vonones*.

Q U E E N.

And darst thou insolent to name *Vonones*?
To heap perdition on thy guilty soul?
There needs not this to urge me to revenge—
But let me view this wonder of mankind,
Whose breath can set the bustling world in arms.
I see no dreadful terrors in his eye,
Nor gathers chilly fears around my heart,
Nor strains my gazing eye with admiration,
And, tho' a woman, I can strike the blow.

A R S A C E S.

ARSACES.

Why gaze you on me thus? why hesitate?
Am I to die?

QUEEN.

Thou art—this dagger shall
Dissolve thy life, thy fleeting ghost I'll send
To wait *Vonones* in the shades below.

ARSACES.

And even there I'll triumph over him.

QUEEN.

O, thou vile homicide! thy fatal hand
Has robb'd me of all joy; *Vonones*, to
Thy *Manes* this proud sacrifice I give.
That hand which sever'd the friendship of thy
Soul and body, shall never draw again
Imbitt'ring tears from sorr'wing mother's eyes.
This, with the many tears I've shed, receive— [Offers to stab him]
Ha!—I'd strike; what holds my hand?—'tis n't pity.

ARSACES.

Nay, do not mock me, with the shew of death,
And yet deny the blessing; I have met
Your taunts with equal taunts, in hopes to urge
The blow with swift revenge; but since that fails,
I'll woo thee to compliance, teach my tongue

Perfusion's winning arts, to gain thy soul;
 I'll praise thy clemency, in dying accents
 Bless thee for, this, thy charitable deed.
 Oh! do not stand; see, how my bosom heaves
 To meet the stroke; in pity let me die,
 'Tis all the happiness I now can know.

QUEEN.

How sweet the eloquence of dying men!
 Hence Poets feign'd the music of the Swan,
 When death upon her lays his icy hand,
 She melts away in melancholy strains.

ARSACES.

Play not thus cruel with my poor request,
 But take my loving Father's thanks, and mine.

QUEEN.

Thy Father cannot thank me now.

ARSACES.

He will,

Believe me, e'en whilst dissolv'd in ecstasy
 On fond *Evanthe's* bosom, he will pause,
 One moment from his joys, to bless the deed.

QUEEN.

What means this tumult in my breast? from whence

Proceeds this sudden change? my heart beats high,
 And soft compassion makes me less than woman;
 'll search no more for what I fear to know.

ARSACES.

Why drops the dagger from thy trembling hand?
 Oh! yet be kind—

QUEEN.

No: now I'd have thee live,
 Since it is happiness to die: 'Tis pain
 That I would give thee, thus I bid thee live;
 Yes, I would have thee a whole age a dying,
 And smile to see thy ling'ring agonies.
 All day I'd watch thee, mark each heighten'd pang,
 While springing joy should swell my panting bosom;
 This I would have—But should this dagger give
 Thy soul the liberty it fondly wishes,
 'Twould soar aloft, and mock my faint revenge.

ARSACES.

This mildness shews most foul, thy anger lovely.
 Think that 'twas I who blasted thy fond hope,
Vonones now lies number'd with the dead,
 And all your joys are buried in his grave;
 My hand untimely pluck'd the precious flow'r,
 Before its shining beauties were display'd.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

O Woman! Woman! where's thy resolution?
 Where's thy revenge? Where's all thy hopes of vengeance?
 Giv'n to the winds—Ha! is it pity?—No——
 I fear it wears another softer name.
 I'll think no more, but rush to my revenge,
 In spite of foolish fear, or woman's softness;
 Be steady now my soul to thy resolves.
 Yes, thou shalt die, thus, on thy breast, I write
 Thy instant doom—ha!—ye Gods!

{ Queen starts, as, in great
 { fright, at hearing something]

ARSACES.

Why this pause?

Why dost thou idly stand like imag'd vengeance,
 With harmless terrors threatening on thy brow,
 With listed arm, yet canst not strike the blow?

QUEEN.

It surely was the Echo to my fears,
 The whistling wind, perhaps, which mimick'd voice;
 But thrice methought it loudly cry'd, "forbear."
 Imagination hence—I'll heed thee not—

[Ghost of *Artabanus* rises]

Save me—oh!—save me—ye eternal pow'r's! ——
 See!—see it comes, surrounded with dread terrors——
 Hence—hence! nor blast me with that horrid sight——
 Throw off that shape, and search th' infernal rounds
 For horrid forms, there's none can shock like thine.

GHOST.

No; I will ever wear this form, thus e'er
 Appear before thee; glare upon thee thus,
 'Til desperation, join'd to thy damn'd crime,
 Shall wind thee to the utmost height of frenzy.
 In vain you grasp the dagger in your hand,
 In vain you dress your brows in angry frowns,
 In vain you raise your threatning arm in air,
 Secure, *Arſaces* triumphs o'er your rage.
 Guarded by fate, from thy accurs'd revenge,
 Thou canſt not touch his life; the Gods have giv'n
 A softneſs to thy more than Savage soul
 Before unknown, to aid their grand designs.
 Fate yet is lab'ring with ſome great event,
 But what muſt follow I'm forbid to broach—
 Think, think of me, I ſink to riſe again,
 To play in blood before thy aking fight,
 And ſhock thy guilty ſoul with hell-born horrors—
 Think, think of *Artabanus*! and deſpair—

[Sinks]

QUEEN.

Think of thee, and deſpair?—yes, I'll deſpair—
 Yet ſtay,—oh! ſtay, thou messenger of fate!
 Tell me—Ha! 'tis gone—and left me wretched—

ARſACES.

Your eyes ſeem fix'd upon ſome dreadful object,
 Horror and anguish cloath your whitene'd face,

And

And your frame shakes with terror; I hear you speak
 As seeming earnest in discourse, yet hear
 No second voice.

QUEEN.

What! saw'st thou nothing?

ARSACES.

Nothing.

QUEEN.

Nor hear'd?—

ARSACES.

Nor hear'd.

QUEEN.

Amazing spectacle!—

Cold moist'ning dews distil from ev'ry pore,
 I tremble like to palsied age—Ye Gods!

Would I could leave this loath'd detested being!—

Oh! all my brain's on fire—I rave! I rave!— [Ghost rises again]

Ha! it comes again—see, it glides along—

See, see, what streams of blood flow from its wounds!

A crimson torrent—Shield me, oh! shield me, heav'n.—

ARSACES.

Great, and righteous Gods!—

QUEEN.

Ah! frown not on me—
 Why dost thou shake thy horrid locks at me?
 Can I give immortality?—'tis gone—
 It flies me, see, ah!—stop it, stop it, haste—

[Ghost sinks]

ARSACES.

Oh, piteous sight!—

QUEEN.

Hist! prithee hist!—oh death!
 I'm all on fire—now freezing bolts of ice
 Dart thro' my breast—Oh! burst ye cords of life—
 Ha! who are ye?—Why do ye stare upon me?—
 Oh!—defend me, from these bick'ring Furies!

ARSACES.

Alas! her sense is lost, distressful Queen!

QUEEN.

Help me, thou King of Gods! oh! help me! help!—
 See! they envir'n me round—*Vonones* too,
 The foremost leading on the dreadful troop—
 But there, *Vardanes* beck'ns me to shun
 Their hellish rage—I come, I come!
 Ah! they pursue me, with a scourge of fire.—

[Runs out distracted.]

SCENE

SCENE VI.

ARSACES, alone.

Oh!—horror!—on the ground she breathless lies,
 Silent, in death's cold sleep; the wall besmear'd
 With brains and gore the marks of her despair.
 O guilt! how dreadful dost thou ever shew!
 How lovely are the charms of innocence!
 How beauteous tho' in sorrows and distress!—

Ha!—what noise?—

[Clashing of swords]

SCENE VII.

ARSACES, BARZAPHERNES and GOTARZES.

BARZAPHERNES.

At length we've forc'd our entrance—
 O my lov'd Prince! to see thee thus, indeed,
 Melts e'en me to a woman's softness; see
 My eyes o'erflow—Are these the ornaments
 For Royal hands? rude manacles! oh shameful!
 Is this thy room of state, this gloomy goal?
 Without attendance, and thy bed the pavement?
 But, ah! how diff'rent was our parting last!
 When flush'd with vict'ry, reeking from the slaughter,

You

You saw Arabia's Sons scour o'er the plain
 In shameful flight, before your conqu'ring sword;
 Then shone you like the God of battle.

ARSACES.

Welcome!—

Welcome, my loyal friends! *Buziphernes!*
 My good old soldier, to my bosom thus!
Gotarzes, my lov'd Brother! now I'm happy.—
 But, say, my soldier, why these threatning arms?
 Why am I thus releas'd by force? my Father,
 I should have said the King, had he relented,
 He'd not have us'd this method to enlarge me.
 Alas! I fear, too forward in your love,
 You'll brand me with the rebel's hated name.

BARZAPHERNES.

I am by nature blunt—the soldier's manner.
 Unus'd to the soft arts practis'd at courts.
 Nor can I move the passions, or disguise
 The forr'wing tale to mitigate the smart.
 Then seek it not: I would sound the alarm,
 Loud as the trumpet's clangour, in your ears;
 Nor will I hail you, as our Parthia's King,
 'Til you've full reveng'd your Father's murther.

ARSACES.

Murther?—good heav'n!

BARZAPHERNES.

BARZAPHERNES.

The tale requires some time;
 And opportunity must not be lost;
 Your traitor Brother, who usurps your rights,
 Must, 'ere his faction gathers to a head,
 Have from his brows his new-born honours torn.

ARSACES.

What, dost thou say, murther'd by *Vardanes*?
 Impious parricide!—detested villain!—
 Give me a sword, and onward to the charge,
 Stop gushing tears, for I will weep in blood,
 And sorrow with the groans of dying men.—
 Revenge! revenge!—oh!—all my soul's on fire!

GOTARZES.

'Twas not *Vardanes* struck the fatal blow,
 Though, great in pow'r usurp'd, he dares support
 The actor, vengeful *Lysias*; to his breast
 He clasps, with grateful joy, the bloody villain;
 Who soon meant, with rusian wiles, to cut
 You from the earth, and also me.

ARSACES.

Just heav'ns!—
 But, gentle Brother, how didst thou elude
 The vigilant, suspicious, tyrant's craft.

GOTARZES.

GOTARZES.

Pbraates, by an accident, obtain'd
 The knowledge of the deed, and warn'd by him
 I bent my flight toward the camp, to seek
 Protection and revenge; but scarce I'd left
 The city when I o'ertook the Gen'ral.

BARZAPHERNES.

'Ere the sun 'rose I gain'd th' intelligence :
 The soldiers when they heard the dreadful tale,
 First stood aghast, and motionless with horror.
 Then suddenly, inspir'd with noble rage,
 Tore up their ensigns, calling on their leaders
 To march them to the city instantly.
 I, with some trusty few, with speed came forward,
 To raise our friends within, and gain your freedom,
 Nor hazard longer, by delays, your safety.
 Already faithful *Pbraates* has gain'd
 A num'rous party of the citizens;
 With these we mean t' attack the Royal Palace,
 Crush the bold tyrant with surprize, while sunk
 In false security; and vengeance wreck,
 'Ere that he thinks the impious crime be known,

ARSACES.

O ! parent being, Ruler of yon heav'n!
 Who bade creation spring to order, hear me.

What ever sins are laid upon my soul,
Now let them not prove heavy on this day,
To sink my arm, or violate my cause.
The sacred rights of Kings, my Country's wrongs,
The punishment of fierce impiety,
And a lov'd Father's death, call forth my sword.—

Now on ; I feel all calm within my breast,
And ev'ry busy doubt is hush'd to rest ;
Smile heav'n propitious on my virtuous cause,
Nor aid the wretch who dares disdain your laws.

END of the FOURTH ACT.





ACT V. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

The Curtain rises, slowly, to soft music, and discovers *Evanthe* sleeping on a sofa; after the music ceases, *Vardanes* enters.

VARDANES.

NO W shining Empire standing at the goal,
Beck's me forward to increase my speed;
But, yet, *airfaces* lives, bane to my hopes,
Lysias I'll urge to ease me of his life,
Then give the villain up to punishment.
The shew of justice gains the changeling crowd.
Besides, I ne'er will harbour in my bosom
Such serpents, ever ready with their flings—
But now one hour for love and fair *Evanthe*—
Hence with ambition's cares—see, where reclin'd,
In slumbers all her sorrows are dismiss'd,
Sleep seems to heighten ev'ry beauteous feature,
And adds peculiar softness to each grace.
She weeps—in dreams some lively sorrow pains her—
I'll take one kiss—oh! what a balmy sweetness!
Give me another—and another still—
For ever thus I'd dwell upon her lips.

Be still my heart, and calm unruly transports.—

Wake her, with music, from this mimic death.

[Music sounds]

S O N G.

Tell me, Phillis, tell me why,
 You appear so wond'rous coy,
 When that glow, and sparkling eye,
 Speak you want to taste the joy ?
 Prithee give this fooling o'er,
 Nor torment your lover more.

While youth is warm within our veins,
 And nature tempts us to be gay,
 Give to pleasure loose the reins,
 Love and youth fly swift away.
 Youth in pleasure should be spent,
 Age will come, we'll then repent.

EVANTHE (waking)

I come ye lovely shades—Ha! am I here?
 Still in the tyrant's palace? Ye bright pow'r's!
 Are all my blessings then but vis'onary?
 Methought I was arriv'd on that blest shore
 Where happy souls for ever dwell, crown'd with
 Immortal bliss; *Arafat* led me through
 The flow'ry groves, while all around me gleam'd
 Thousand and thousand shades, who welcom'd me
 With pleasing songs of joy—*Vardanes*, ha!—

VARDANES.

Why beams the angry lightning of thine eye
 Against thy sighing slave? Is love a crime?
 Oh! if to dote, with such excess of passion
 As rises e'en to mad extravagance
 Is criminal, I then am so, indeed.

EVANTHE.

Away! vile man!—

VARDANES.

If to pursue thee e'er
 With all the humblest offices of love,
 If ne'er to know one single thought that does
 Not bear thy bright idea, merits scorn—

EVANTHE.

Hence from my sight—nor let me, thus, pollute
 Mine eyes, with looking on a wretch like thee,
 Thou cause of all my ills; I sicken at
 Thy loathsome presence—

VARDANES.

'Tis not always thus,
 Nor dost thou ever meet the sounds of love
 With rage and fierce disdain: *Arysaces*, soon,
 Could smooth thy brow, and melt thy icy breast.

EVANTHE.

EVANTHE.

Ha! does it gall thee? Yes, he could, he could;
 Oh! when he speaks, such sweetnes dwells upon
 His accents, all my soul dissolves to love,
 And warm desire; such truth and beauty join'd!
 His looks are soft and kind, such gentleness
 Such virtue swells his bosom! in his eye
 Sits majesty, commanding ev'ry heart.
 Strait as the pine, the pride of all the grove,
 More blooming than the spring, and sweeter far,
 Than asphodels or roses infant sweets.
 Oh! I could dwell forever on his praise,
 Yet think eternity was scarce enough
 To tell the mighty theme; here in my breast
 His image dwells, but one dear thought of him,
 When fancy paints his Person to my eye,
 As he was wont in tenderness dissolv'd,
 Sighing his vows, or kneeling at my feet,
 Wipes off all mem'ry of my wretchednes.

VARDANES.

I know this brav'ry is affected, yet
 It gives me joy, to think my rival only
 Can in imagination taste thy beauties.
 Let him,—twill ease him in his solitude,
 And gild the horrors of his prison-house,
 Till death shall —

EVANTHE.

Ha! what was that? till death—ye Gods!
 Ah, now I feel distres's tort'ring pang—
 Thou canst not villain—darst not think his death—
 O mis'ry!—

VARDANES.

Naught but your kindness saves him,
 Yet bless me, with your love, and he is safe;
 But the same frown which kills my growing hopes,
 Gives him to death.

EVANTHE.

O horror, I could die
 Ten thousand times to save the lov'd *Arfaces*.
 Teach me the means, ye pow'rs, how to save him:
 Then lead me to what ever is my fate.

VARDANES.

Not only shall he die, but to thy view
 I'll bring the scene, those eyes that take delight
 In cruelty, shall have enough of death.
 E'en here, before thy sight, he shall expire,
 Not sudden, but by ling'ring torments; all
 That mischief can invent shall be practis'd
 To give him pain; to lengthen out his woe
 I'll search around the realm for skillful men,
 To find new tortures.

EVANTHE.

EVANTHE.

Oh! wrack not thus my soul!

VARDANES.

The sex o'erflows with various humours, he
 Who catches not their smiles the very moment,
 Will lose the blessing—I'll improve this softness.—

—Heav'n never made thy beauties to destroy,
 They were to bless, and not to blast mankind;
 Pity should dwell within thy lovely breast,
 That sacred temple ne'er was form'd for hate
 A habitation; but a residence
 For love and gaiety.

[Aside]
 [to her]

EVANTHE.

Oh! heav'ns!

VARDANES.

That sigh,
 Proclaims your kind consent to save *Arsaces*. [Laying hold of her]

EVANTHE.

Ha! villain, off—unhand me—hence—

VARDANES.

In vain
 Is opportunity to those, who spend
 An idle courtship on the fair, they well

Deserve

Deserve their fate, if they're disdain'd;—her charms
 To rush upon, and conquer opposition,
 Gains the Fair one's praise; an active lover
 Suits, who lies aside the coxcomb's empty whine,
 And forces her to bliss.

EVANTHE.

Ah! hear me, hear me,
 Thus kneeling, with my tears, I do implore thee:
 Think on my innocence, nor force a joy
 Which will ever fill thy soul with anguish.
 Seek not to load my ills with infamy,
 Let me not be a mark for bitter scorn,
 To bear proud virtue's taunts and mocking jeers,
 And like a flow'r, of all its sweetnes robb'd,
 Be trod to earth, neglected and disdain'd,
 And spurn'd by ev'ry vulgar saucy foot.

VARDANES.

Speak, speak forever—music's in thy voice,
 Still attentive will I listen to thee,
 Be hush'd as night, charm'd with the magic sound.

EVANTHE.

Oh! teach me, heav'n, soft moving eloquence,
 To bend his stubborn soul to gentleness.—
 Where is thy virtue? Where thy princely lustre?

Ah!

Ah! wilt thou meanly stoop to do a wrong,
 And stain thy honour with so foul a blot?
 Thou who shouldest be a guard to innocence.
 Leave force to brutes, for pleasure is not found
 Where still the soul's averse; horror and guilt,
 Distraction, desperation chace her hence.
 Some happier gentle Fair one you may find;
 Whose yielding heart may bend to meet your flame,
 In mutual love soft joys alone are found;
 When souls are drawn by secret sympathy,
 And virtue does on virtue smile.

VARDANES.

No more—

Her heav'ny tongue will charm me from th' intent—
 Hence coward softness, force shall make me blest.

EVANTHE.

Assist me, ye bless'd pow'r's!—oh! strike, ye Gods!
 Strike me, with thunder dead, this moment, e'er
 I suffer violation—

VARDANES.

'Tis in vain,
 The idle pray'r's by fancy'd grief put up,
 Are blown by active winds regardless by,
 Nor ever reach the heav'ns.

SCENE II.

VARDANES, EVANTHE, and LYSIAS.

LYSIAS.

Arm, arm, my Lord! —

VARDANES.

Damnation! why this interruption now? —

LYSIAS.

Oh! arm! my noble Prince, the foe's upon us.
Arfaces, by *Barzapernes* releas'd,
Join'd with the citizens, assaults the Palace,
And swears revenge for *Artabanus'* death.

VARDANES.

Ha! what? revenge for *Artabanus'* death? —
'Tis the curse of Princes that their counsels,
Which should be kept like holy mysteries,
Can never rest in silent secrecy.
Fond of employ, some cursed tattling tongue
Will still divulge them.

LYSIAS.

Sure some fiend from hell,

In mischief eminent, to cross our views,
Has giv'n th' intelligence, for man could not,

EVANTHE.

Oh ! ever blest event !—All-gracious heav'n !
This beam of joy revives me.

SCENE III.

VARDANES, EVANTHE, LYSIAS, to them, an OFFICER.

OFFICER.

Haste ! my Lord !

Or all will soон be lost ; tho' thrice repuls'd
By your e'erfaithful guards, they still return
With double fury.

VARDANES.

Hence, then, idle love—

Come forth, my trusty sword—curs'd misfortune !—
Had I but one short hour, without reluctance,
I'd meet them, tho' they brib'd the pow'rs of hell,
To place their furies in the van : Yea, rush
To meet this dreadful Brother 'midst the war—
Haste to the combat—Now a crown or death—
The wretch who dares to give an inch of ground
Till I retire, shall meet the death he shun'd.
Away—away ! delays are dang'rous now—

THE PRINCE

SCENE IV.

EVANTHE, alone.

Now heav'n be partial to *Airsaces* cause,
 Nor leave to giddy chance when virtue strives ;
 Let victory fit on his warlike helm,
 For justice draws his sword : be thou his aid,
 And let the opposer's arm sink with the weight
 Of his most impious crimes—be still my heart,
 For all that thou canst aid him with is pray'r.
 Oh ! that I had the strength of thousands in me !
 Or that my voice could wake the sons of men
 To join, and crush the tyrant ! —

SCENE V.

EVANTHE and CLEONE.

EVANTHE.

My *Cleone*—

Welcome thou partner of my joys and sorrows.

CLEONE.

Oh ! yonder terror triumphs uncontroil'd,
 And glutton death seems never satisfy'd,

Each

Each soft sensation lost in thoughtless rage,
 And breast to breast, oppos'd in furious war,
 The fiery Chiefs receive the vengeful steel.
 O'er lifeless heaps of men the soldiers climb
 Still eager for the combat, while the ground
 Made slipp'ry by the gushing streams of gore
 Is treach'rous to their feet.—Oh! horrid fight!—
 Too much for me to stand, my life was chill'd,
 As from the turret I beheld the fight,
 It forc'd me to retire.

EVANTHE.

What of *Arfaces*?

CLEONE.

I saw him active in the battle, now,
 Like light'ning, piercing thro' the thickest foe,
 Then scorning to disgrace his sword in low
 Plebeian blood—loud for *Vardanes* call'd—
 To meet him singly, and decide the war.

EVANTHE.

Save him, ye Gods!—oh! all my foul is fear—
 Fly, fly *Cleone*, to the tow'r again,
 See how fate turns the ballance; and pursue
Arfaces with thine eye; mark ev'ry blow,
 Observe if some bold villain dares to urge
 His sword presumptuous at my Hero's breast.
 Haste, my *Cleone*, haste, to ease my fears.

SCENE VI.

EVANTHE, alone.

Ah!—what a cruel torment is suspense!
 My anxious soul is torn 'twixt love and fear,
 Scarce can I please me with one fancied bliss
 Which kind imagination forms, but reason,
 Proud, surly reason, snatches the vain joy,
 And gives me up again to sad distress.
 Yet I can die, and should *Arfakes* fall
 This fatal draught shall ease me of my sorrows.

SCENE VII.

CLEONE, alone.

Oh ! horror ! horror ! horror !—cruel Gods !—
 I saw him fall—I did—pierc'd thro' with wounds—
 Curs'd ! curs'd *Vardanes*!—hear'd the gen'ral cry,
 Which burst, as tho' all nature had dissolv'd.
 Hark ! how they shout ! the noise seems coming this way.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

ARSACES, GOTARZES, BARZAPHERNES and OFFICERS, with
VARDANES and LYSIAS, prisoners.

ARSACES.

Thanks to the ruling pow'r's who blest our arms,
Prepare the sacrifices to the Gods,
And grateful songs of tributary praise.—
Gotorzes, fly, my Brother, find *Evantbe*,
And bring the lovely mourner to my arms.

GOTARZES.

Yes, I'll obey you, with a willing speed.

[Exit Gotarzes]

ARSACES.

Thou, *Lysias*, from yon tow'r's aspiring height
Be hurl'd to death, thy impious hands are stain'd
With royal blood—Let the traitor's body
Be giv'n to hungry dogs.

LYSIAS.

Welcome grim death!—

I've fed thy maw with Kings, and lack no more
Revenge—Now, do thy duty Officer.

OFFICER.

Yea, and would lead all traitors gladly thus,—
The boon of their deserts.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

~~ARSACES, VARDANES, BARZAPHERNES.~~

ARSACES.

But for *Vardanes*,
The Brother's name forgot—

VARDANES.

You need no more,
I know the rest—Ah! death is near, my wounds
Permit me not to live—my breath grows short,
Curs'd be *Pbraates* arm which stop'd my sword,
Ere it had reach'd thy proud exulting heart.
But the wretch paid dear for his presuming;
A just reward.—

ARSACES.

He sinks, yet bear him up—

VARDANES.

Curs'd be the multitude which o'erpow'r'd me,
And beat me to the ground, cover'd with wounds—
But, oh! 'tis done! my ebbing life is done—
I feel death's hand upon me—Yet, I die
Just as I wish, and daring for a crown,
Life without rule is my disdain; I scorn

To

To swell a haughty Brother's sneaking train,
 To wait upon his ear with flatt'ring tales,
 And court his smiles; come, death, in thy cold arms,
 Let me forget Ambition's mighty toil,
 And shun the triumphs of a hated Brother—
 O! bear me off—Let not his eyes enjoy
 My agonies—My sight grows dim with death. [They bear him off.]

SCENE the Last.

ARSACES, GOTARZES, BARZAPHERNES, and EVANTHE supported.

EVANTHE.

Lead me, oh! lead me, to my lov'd *Arsaces*,
 Where is he?—

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ARSACES.

Ha! what's this?—Just heav'ns!—my fears—

EVANTHE.

Arsaces, oh! thus circl'd in thy arms,
 I die without a pang.

ARSACES.

Ha! die?—why stare ye,
 Ye lifeless ghosts? Have none of ye a tongue
 To tell me I'm undone?

Ee

GOTARZES.

THE PRINCE

GOTARZES.

Soon, my Brother,
 Too soon, you'll know it by the sad effects;
 And if my grief will yet permit my tongue
 To do its office, thou shalt hear the tale.

Cleone, from the turret, view'd the battle,
 And on *Pbraates* fix'd her erring sight,
 Thy brave unhappy friend she took for thee,
 By his garb deceiv'd, which like to thine he wore.
 Still with her eye she follow'd him, where-e'er
 He pierc'd the foe, and to *Vardanes* sword
 She saw him fall a hapless victim, then,
 In agonies of grief, flew to *Evanthe*,
 And told the dreadful tale—the fatal bawl
 I saw—

ARSACES.

Be dumb, nor ever give again
 Fear to the heart, with thy ill-boding voice.

EVANTHE.

Here, I'll rest, till death, on thy lov'd bosom,
 Here let me sigh my—Oh! the poison works—

ARSACES.

Oh! horrör!—

EVANTHE:

Cease—this sorrow pains me more

Than

Than all the wringing agonies of death,
 The dreadful parting of the soul from, this,
 Its wedded clay—Ah! there—that pang shot thro'
 My throbbing heart—

ARSACES.

Save her, ye Gods!—oh! save her!
 And I will bribe ye with clouds of incense;
 Such num'rous sacrifices, that your altars
 Shall even sink beneath the mighty load.

EVANTHE.

When I am dead, dissolv'd to native dust,
 Yet let me live in thy dear mem'ry—
 One tear will not be much to give *Evanthe*.

ARSACES.

My eyes shall e'er two running fountains be,
 And wet thy urn with overflowing tears,
 Joy ne'er again within my breast shall find
 A residence—Oh! speak, once more—

EVANTHE.

Life's just out—

My Father—Oh! protect his honour'd age,
 And give him shelter from the storms of fate,
 He's long been fortune's sport—Support me—Ah!—
 I can no more—my glass is spent—farewell—
 Forever—*Arsaces!*—Oh!

[Dies]

THE PRINCE

ARSACES.

Stay, oh! stay,
 Or take me with thee—dead! she's cold and dead!
 Her eyes are clos'd, and all my joys are flown—
 Now burst ye elements, from your restraint,
 Let order cease, and chaos be again.
 Break! break tough heart!—oh! torture—life dissolve—
 Why stand ye idle? Have I not one friend
 To kindly free me from this pain? One blow,
 One friendly blow would give me ease.

BARZAPHERNES.

The Gods
 Forefend!—Pardon me, Royal Sir, if I
 Dare, seemingly disloyal, seize your sword,
 Despair may urge you far—

ARSACES.

Ha! traitors! rebels!—
 Hoary rev'rend Villain! what, disarm me?
 Give me my sword—what, stand ye by, and see
 Your Prince insulted? Are ye rebels all?—

BRAZAPHERNES.

Be calm, my gracious Lord!

GOTARZES.

Oh! my lov'd Brother!

ARSACES.

ARSACES.

Gotarzes too! all! all! conspir'd against me?

Still, are ye all resolv'd that I must live,

And feel the momentary pangs^s of death?—

Ha!—this, shall make a passage for my soul—

[Snatches *Barzaphernes'* sword.]

Out, out vile cares, from your distres'd abode— [Stabs himself.]

BARZAPHERNES.

Oh! ye eternal Gods!

GOTARZES.

Distraction! heav'ns!

I shall run mad—

ARSACES.

Ah! 'tis in vain to grieve—

The steel has done its part, and I'm at rest.—

Gotarzes wear my crown, and be thou blest,

Cherish, *Barzaphernes*, my trusty chief—

I faint, oh! lay me by *Evanthe's* side—

Still wedded in our death's—*Bethas*—

BARZAPHERNES.

Despair,

My Lord, has broke his heart, I saw him stretch'd,

Along the flinty pavement, in his gaol—

Cold, lifeless—

ARSACES]

THE P R I N C E

ARSACES.

He's happy then—had he heard
 This tale, he'd—Ah! *Evanthe* chides my soul,
 For ling'ring here so long—another pang
 And all the world, adieu—oh! adieu!— [Dies]

GOTARZES.

Oh!—

Fix me, heav'n, immoveable, a statue,
 And free me from o'erwhelming tides of grief.

BARZAPHERNES.

Oh! my lov'd Prince, I soon shall follow thee;
 Thy laurel'd glories whither are they fled?—
 Would I had died before this fatal day!—
 Triumphant garlands pride my soul no more,
 No more the lofty voice of war can charm—
 And why then am I here? Thus then— [Offers to stab himself]

GOTARZES.

Ah! hold,
 Nor rashly urge the blow—think of me, and
 Live—My heart is wrung with streaming anguish,
 Tore with the smarting pangs of woe, yet, will I
 Dare to live, and stem misfortune's billows.
 Live then, and be the guardian of my youth,
 And lead me on thro' virtue's rugged path.

Barzaphernes

BARZAPHERNES.

O, glorious youth, thy words have rous'd the
 Drooping genius of my soul; thus, let me
 Clasp thee, in my aged arms; yes, I will live—
 Live, to support thee in thy kingly rights,
 And when thou'rt firmly fix'd, my task's perform'd,
 My honourable task—Then I'll retire,
 Petition gracious heav'n to blefs my work,
 And in the silent grave forget my cares.

GOTARZES.

Now, to the Temple, let us onward move,
 And strive t' appease the angry pow'rs above.
 Fate yet may have some ills reserv'd in store,
 Continu'd curses, to torment us more. —
 Tho', in their district, Monarchs rule alone,
Jove sways the mighty Monarch on his throne:
 Nor can the shining honours which they wear,
 Purchase one joy, or save them from one care.

F I N I S.









